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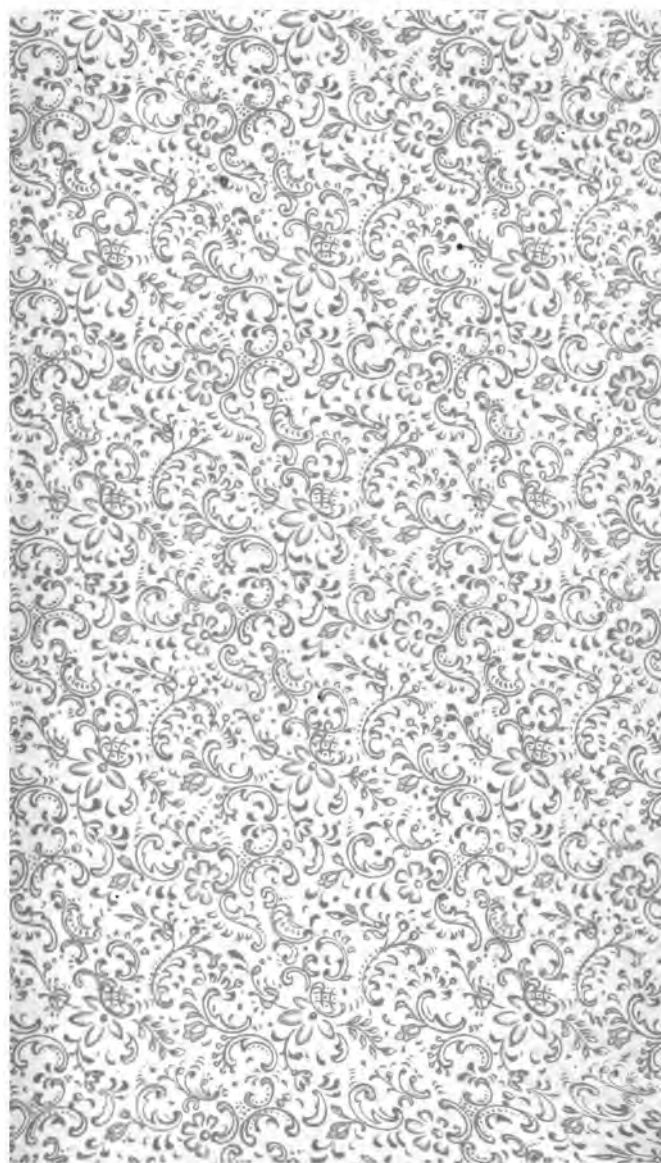
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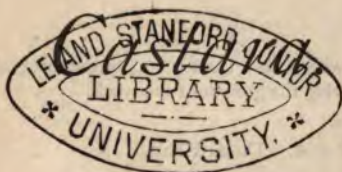
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English Reprints.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.



THE THIRD EDITION OF 1640; EDITED AND
COLLATED WITH THE EARLIER ONES OF 1634, 1635.

BY

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INTRODUCTION.



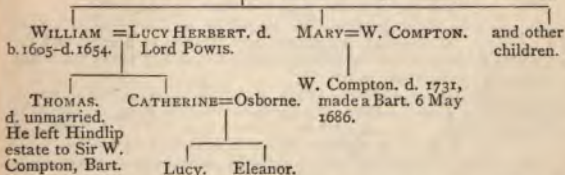
THE old English family of HABINGTON, ABINGTON, HABINGTON, or ARINGTON traced their pedigree beyond the reign of Henry III., to PHILIP DE HABINGTON, of Abington, co. Cambridge: but that branch of the family from which our Poet sprang, descended from RICHARD HABINGTON, of Brokhampton, whose third son JOHN was cofferer to Queen Elizabeth. This JOHN

HABINGTON, our Poet's grandfather, bought Hindlip Hall, an estate beautifully situated about four miles from Worcester. He married twice. By his second wife he had two sons, THOMAS; and EDWARD, who was executed for Babington's plot in 1586.

Anthony-a-Wood gives this account of THOMAS HABINGTON. He 'was born at Thorpe near to Chertsey in Surrey, on the 23 Aug. 1560, (at which time and before the manor thereof belonged to his father) and at about 16 years of age he became a commoner of Lincoln Coll. Where spending about three years in academical studies, was taken thence by his father and sent to the universities of Paris and Rheims in France. After some time spent there in good letters, he return'd into England, and expressing and shewing himself an adherent to Mary qu. of Scots (who plotted with Anth. Babington against qu. Elizabeth) was committed prisoner to the Tower of London, where continuing six years, he profited more in that time in several sorts of learning, then he had before in all his life. Afterwards he retired to Hendlip (the manor of which his father had settled upon him) took to wife Mary the eldest daughter of Edward lord Morley by Elizabeth his wife, daughter and sole heir of Sir William Stanley knight, lord Mounteagle; and at riper years survey'd Worcestershire, made a collection of most of its antiquities from records, registers, evidences both private and public, monumental inscriptions and arms. . . . At length, after he had lived to the age of 87 years, surrendered up his pious soul to God at Hendlip near Worcester on the 8th October 1647, and was buried by his father in a vault under the chancel of the church there.' *Ath. Oxon. iii. 222. Ed. 1817.*

Hindlip Hall was full of lurking places. T. NASH in his *Hist. of Worc. i. 585-7*, gives a transcript of *Ashmole's MSS. Vol. 804, fol. 93.* at Oxford: which is a most graphic description of a search, *for eleven nights and twelve days*, in Jan. 1605, through the house: wherein Garnett the Jesuit and others were discovered, who were afterwards executed.

2. THOMAS HABINGTON = MARY PARKER, d. of Lord MORLEY.
b. 1560—d. 1647. æt. 87. [Mary Habington is said to have written the letter revealing the Gunpowder Plot.]



3. Wood's account of our Poet is perhaps the most authentic. "WILLIAM HABINGTON, was born at Herdlip, on the fourth [So have I been instructed by letters from his son Tho. Habington esq.; dated 5 Jan. 1672.] (some say the fifth) day of November 1605, educated in S. Omers and Paris; in the first of which he was earnestly invited to take upon him the habit of the Jesuits, but by excuses got free and left them. After his return from Paris, being then at man's estate, he was instructed at home in matters of history by his father, and became an accomplished gentleman. . . . This person, Will.

Habington, who did then run with the times, and was not unknown [what does Wood mean by this?] to Oliver the usurper, died on the 30th of November 1654, and was buried in the vault before-mentioned by the bodies of his father and grand-father. The MSS. which he (and his father) left behind, are in the hands of his son Thomas, and might be made useful for the public, if in others."—*Ath. Oxon.* iii. 223. *Ed.* 1817.

4. The Habingtons were connected with the Talbots through the above RICHARD HABINGTON's second son RICHARD HABINGTON, whose granddaughter ELEANOR BASKERVILLE married JOHN TALBOT of Longdon: and became the mother of (1) JOHN, Lord TALBOT 10th Earl of SHREWSBURY, who succeeded his bachelor uncle GEORGE TALBOT, the 9th Earl (lamented by our Poet at *p.* 77) on his death, 2d April 1630: (2) of GEORGE TALBOT, our author's bosom friend, who died young and unmarried: and of other children.

5. The second son of the Earl of PEMBROKE, SIR WILLIAM HERBERT, was created on 2d April 1629, 1st Baron POWIS. He had three children by ELEANOR, youngest daughter of HENRY PERCY, 10th Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND, SIR PERCY HERBERT, CATHERINE HERBERT, and LUCY HERBERT. This Lucy Herbert is *Castara*.

6. A concurrence of allusions would seem to fix Habington's marriage with Lucy Herbert, between 1630 and 1633: later than which it cannot be: as the anniversary of his wedding day is celebrated in verse, at *p.* 80. Most of the poems relate to
'those of my blood

And my *Castara's*.'

There is in their arrangement, a slight thread of continuity. We are to realize the young Englishman, of good family, possibly not unhandsome, wooing—with a culture and grace acquired in France—the young English beauty; possibly under some disadvantage, being neither possessed of high station nor large fortune; and the lady's father too having just been made a Peer. The wooing beginning in town, migrates to Marlow.

See, he from Marlow sends

His eyes to *Seymours*. *p.* 41.

The lovers meeting 'under the kind shade of this tree' is noticed. In sum, the details of a pure courtship leading up to a happy marriage.

In "*Wits Recreations*, Selected [by the bookseller Humphry Blunden] from the Finest Fancies of Moderne Muses. London, 1640:" is the following.

19. To Mr William Habington on his *Castara*, a Poem.

Thy Muse is chaste and thy *Castara* too,
'Tis strange at Court, and thou hadst power to woo
And to obtain (what others were deny'd)
The fair *Castara* for thy virtuous bride:
Enjoy what you dare wish, and may there be,
Fair issues branch from both, to honor thee.

Again, the after incidents of life are alluded to, in the poems; *Castara* has a fever but she recovers, she mourns over the loss of friends, and the like: while, the brightness and fancifulness of this earlier poesy but reflect the happiness of the Poet's home.

7. There are also songs of Friendship. As where he reproaches his bosom friend Talbot for not having seen him for three days, at *p.* 39, or where he consoles him for the hard usage he has received from that jilt *Astrodrora*, at *p.* 82: and most of all, in the eight passionate Elegies over his decease.

8. Occasionally there is a bit of lashing satire, as that against the cravings of Poets, at *p.* 50: or of dry humour, as in

Come therefore blest even in the Lollards zeale
Who canst with conscience safe, 'fore hen and veale
Say grace in Latine, while I faintly sing
A Penitentiall verse in oyle and Ling. *p.* 64.

9. Lastly: strangely intermingled are Requiems over the mortality of Man, the vanity and uncertainty of all things; leading almost to a disgust with life. Of this he thus gives the key-note in saying at *p.* 114, 'When the necessities of nature returne him downe to earth, he esteemes it a place he is condemned to. . . . To live he knows a benefit, and the contempt of ingratitude, and therefore loves, but not doates on life.' To this frame

of thought may be opposed the keen wise saying of a great contemporary: Selden.

"Whilst you are upon Earth enjoy the good things that are here (to that end were they given) and be not melancholly, and wish yourself in Heaven. If a King should give you the keeping of a Castle, with all things belonging to it, Orchards, Gardens, &c., and bid you use them; withal promise you that after twenty years to remove you to Court, and to make you a Privy Councillor. If you should neglect your Castle, and refuse to eat of those fruits, and sit down, and whine, and wish you were a Privy Councillor, do you think the King would be pleased with you?"—*Table Talk*, p. 84. Ed. 1867.

Our wisdom is to recognise the representations of Habington, and to live in the spirit of Selden: thus 'using the world as not abusing it.'

William Habington's works were published in the following order:—

1634. *Castara*. First edition in 4to.
 1635. *Castara*. Second edition in 12mo.
 1639-40. *Castara*. Third edition in 12mo.
 1640. "The Historie of Edward the Fourth, King of England. By Wm. Habington Esquire. London. Fol." "Written and published as the desire of K. Charles I.; in which his father also 'had a considerable hand.'
 1640. "The *Queene of Arragon*. A Tragi-Comedie. London. 1640." "Which play he communicating to Philip earl of Pembroke, lord chamberlain of the household to K. Charles I. he caused it to be acted at court, and afterwards to be published against the author's will." Wood: *idem*. It was revived at the Restoration: with a Prologue and Epilogue by S. BUTLER. *Remains*, i. 185. Ed. by Thyer, 1759. It is reprinted in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, ix. 333. Ed. 1825.
 1641. *Observations upon Historie*. London. These historical notes are six in number, upon as many points in modern History: as the death of Richard I.; the battle of Varma, 1444; the fall of Constantinople; the abdication of Charles V.; &c.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

With FIRST LINES, &c. of the three first editions, showing the growth of the work.

(a) Issues in the Author's lifetime.

I. As a separate publication.

1. "CASTARA, &c. LONDON, Printed by Anne Griffin for William Cooke, and are to be sold at his shop neare Furnivals Inne gate in Holburne. 1634. 4to."

Perfectly anonymous: all names being represented by initials. It consists of only two Parts, each having a separate title page; in which Parts are contained the following:

| CASTARA. THE FIRST PART. | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| i. The Author. [A Prose Preface] | 11 |
| ii. [GEORGE] T[ALBOT]. Not in the silence of content, and store | 14 |
| iii. FIFTY-THREE Poems, by WILLIAM HABINGTON. | |
| 1. Let the chaste Phoenix from the flowry East, | 17 |
| 2. I saw <i>Castara</i> pray, and from the skie, | 17 |
| 3. Vee blushing Virgins happie are | 18 |
| 4. By those chaste lamps which yeeld a silent light | 18 |
| 5. Where am I? not in heaven: for oh I feele | 19 |
| 6. Not still ith' shine of Kings. Thou dost retire | 19 |
| 7. Doe not their prophane Orgies heare, | 20 |
| 8. Sing forth sweete Cherubin (for we have choice | 21 |
| 9. In vaine faire sorceresse, thy eyes speake charmes, | 22 |
| 10. While you dare trust the loudest tongue of fame, | 22 |

| | PAGE |
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| 11. Why doth the stubborne iron prove . . . | 23 |
| 12. Transfix me with that flaming dart . . . | 24 |
| 13. Wing'd with delight (yet such as still doth beare . . . | 25 |
| 14. Learned shade of <i>Tycho Brache</i> , who to us, . . . | 26 |
| 15. Ye glorious wits, who finde then Parian stone . . . | 26 |
| 16. If she should dye, (as well suspect we may, . . . | 27 |
| 17. You younger children of your father stay, . . . | 27 |
| 18. Fond Love himselfe hopes to disguise . . . | 28 |
| 19. <i>fratt</i> . Checke thy forward thoughts, and know . . . | 28 |
| 20. Nimble boy in thy warme fight, . . . | 29 |
| 21. <i>Cupids</i> dead, who would not dye, . . . | 30 |
| 22. Fly on thy swiftest wing, ambitious Fame, . . . | 30 |
| 23. <i>Graphill</i> . Dost not thou <i>Castara</i> read . . . | 31 |
| 24. Why haste you hence <i>Castara</i> ? Can the earth, . . . | 32 |
| 25. I am engag'd to sorrow, and my heart . . . | 33 |
| 26. Th' Arabian wind, whose breathing gently blows . . . | 33 |
| 27. Looke backe <i>Castara</i> . From thy eye . . . | 33 |
| 28. This madnesse to give physicke to the dead; . . . | 34 |
| 29. The lesser people of the ayre conspire . . . | 34 |
| 30. Swift in thy watry chariot, courteous <i>Thames</i> , . . . | 35 |
| 31. My Muse (great Lord) when last you heard her sing . . . | 35 |
| 32. Thanks <i>Cupid</i> , but the Coach of <i>Venus</i> moves . . . | 36 |
| 33. How fancie mockes me? By th' effect I prove, . . . | 37 |
| 34. Faire Mistresse of the earth, with garlands crown'd, . . . | 37 |
| 35. With your calme precepts goe, and lay a storme, . . . | 38 |
| 36. 'Tis I <i>Castara</i> , who when thou wert gone, . . . | 38 |
| 37. Pronounce me guilty of a Blacker crime, . . . | 39 |
| 38. Thrice hath the pale-fac'd Empresse of the night, . . . | 39 |
| 39. Scorn'd in thy watry Vrne <i>Narcissus</i> lye, . . . | 40 |
| 40. Banisht from you, I charg'd the nimble winde, . . . | 40 |
| 41. Blest Temple, haile, where the Chast Altar stands, . . . | 41 |
| 42. Bright Dew which dost the field adorne . . . | 41 |
| 43. Stay under the kinde shadow of this tree . . . | 42 |
| 44. Dare not too farre <i>Castara</i> , for the shade . . . | 43 |
| 45. Vowes are vaine. No suppliant breath . . . | 43 |
| 46. Night. Let silence close my troubled eyes, . . . | 44 |
| 47. Your judgement's cleere, not wrinckled with the Time, . . . | 45 |
| 48. What should we feare <i>Castara</i> ? The coole aire, . . . | 46 |
| 49. More welcome my <i>Castara</i> , then was light . . . | 46 |
| 50. Why dost thou looke so pale, decrepit man? . . . | 52 |
| 51. 'Twas Night: when <i>Phæbe</i> guided by thy rayes, . . . | 52 |
| 52. Why would you blush <i>Castara</i> , when the name . . . | 53 |
| 53. Like the Violet which alone . . . | 53 |

CASTARA. THE SECOND PART.

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| iv. THIRTY-SIX more Poems. | |
| 54. This day is ours. The marriage Angell now . . . | 59 |
| 55. Did you not see, <i>Castara</i> , when the King. . . | 59 |
| 56. Whose whispers soft as those which lovers breath . . . | 60 |
| 57. Forsake me not so soone. <i>Castara</i> stay, . . . | 61 |
| 58. Hence prophane grim man, nor dare . . . | 61 |
| 59. Sleepe my <i>Castara</i> , silence doth invite . . . | 62 |
| 60. She is restor'd to life. Vnthrifty Death, . . . | 62 |
| 61. May you drinke beare, or that adul'trate wine . . . | 63 |
| 62. <i>Castara</i> whisper in some dead mans eare, . . . | 64 |
| 63. Forsake with me the earth, my faire, . . . | 64 |
| 64. <i>Castara</i> weepe not, though her tombe appeare . . . | 65 |
| 65. What's death more than departure; the dead go . . . | 67 |
| 66. <i>Castara</i> ! O you are too prodigall . . . | 67 |
| 67. I heard a sigh, and something in my eare . . . | 68 |
| 68. You saw our loves, and prais'd the mutuall flame . . . | 68 |
| 69. Why should we build, <i>Castara</i> , in the aire . . . | 69 |
| 70. <i>Castara</i> , see that dust, the sportive wind . . . | 70 |
| 71. Were but that sigh a penitentiall breath . . . | 70 |

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| 72. | Araphill. <i>Castara</i> you too fondly court . . . | 71 |
| 73. | My thoughts are not so rugged, nor doth earth . . . | 72 |
| 74. | Tyrant o're tyrants, thou who onely dost . . . | 73 |
| 75. | The breath of time shall blast the flowry Spring, . . . | 73 |
| 76. | The reverend man by magicke of his prayer . . . | 74 |
| 77. | Thy vowes are heard, and thy <i>Castara's</i> name . . . | 75 |
| 78. | Thou dreame of madmen, ever changing gale, . . . | 75 |
| 79. | Were we by fate throwne downe below our feare . . . | 76 |
| 80. | What can the freedom of our love enthrall? . . . | 76 |
| 81. | Bright Saint, thy pardon, if my sadder verse . . . | 77 |
| 82. | I like the Greene plush which your meadows weare . . . | 78 |
| 83. | Thou art return'd (great Light) to that blest houre . . . | 80 |
| 84. | They meet but with unwholesome Springs . . . | 80 |
| 85. | The Laurell doth your reverend temples wreath . . . | 81 |
| 86. | 'Bout th' husband Oke, the Vine . . . | 82 |
| 87. | Let not thy grones force <i>Eccho</i> from her cave, . . . | 82 |
| 88. | We saw and woo'd each others eyes . . . | 83 |
| 89. | Here Virgin fix thy pillars, and command . . . | 98 |

2. "*CASTARA*, &c. The Second Edition. Corrected and Augmented. London. Printed by *B. A.* and *T. F.* for *Will. Cooke*, and are to be sold at his shop neare *Furnivals-Inne Gate* in *Holburne*, 1635. 12mo."

In this second edition, the authorship is avowed by means of a new heading to *G. Talbot's* poem, at *p. 14*. It still consists of but two Parts, each with a separate title: but is augmented by three Characters in prose and twenty-six poems; all by *Habington*.

CASTARA. THE FIRST PART.

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| i. | A CHARACTER. <i>A Mistress</i> . . . | 15 |
| ii. | FOUR additional poems are inserted. | |
| 90. | Hee who is good is happy. Let the loude . . . | 47 |
| 91. | Harke, how the traitor winde doth court . . . | 49 |
| 92. | It shall not grieve me (friend) though what I write . . . | 50 |
| 93. | You who are earth, and cannot rise . . . | 51 |

CASTARA. THE SECOND PART.

| | | |
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| iii. | A CHARACTER. <i>A Wife</i> . . . | 57 |
| iv. | FOURTEEN additional Poems. | |
| 94. | Though my deare <i>Talbot's</i> Fate exact, a sad . . . | 84 |
| 95. | If your example be obey'd . . . | 86 |
| 96. | Its false Arithmaticke to say thy breath . . . | 88 |
| 97. | Why should we feare to melt away in death . . . | 89 |
| 98. | When <i>Pelion</i> wondring saw, that raine which fell . . . | 89 |
| 99. | O whither dost thou flye? Cannot my vow . . . | 90 |
| 100. | Where sleeps the North-wind when the South inspires . . . | 90 |
| 101. | Should the cold <i>Muscovit</i> , whose furre and stove . . . | 91 |
| 102. | <i>Amphion</i> , O thou holy shade . . . | 92 |
| 103. | You'd leave the silence in which safe we are . . . | 92 |
| 104. | Give me a heart where no impure . . . | 94 |
| 105. | Why doth the eare so tempt the voyce, . . . | 95 |
| 106. | I hate the Countries durt and manners, yet . . . | 96 |
| 107. | I wonder when ware dead, what men will say; . . . | 97 |

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| v. | A CHARACTER. <i>A Friend</i> . | |
| vi. | EIGHT Elegies " <i>The Funerals of the Honourable, my best Friend and Kinsman, GEORGE TALBOT, Esq.</i> " . . . | 101 |
| 108. | (1) Twere malice to the fame; to weepe alone . . . | 101 |
| 109. | (2) <i>Talbot</i> is dead. Like lightning which no part . . . | 102 |
| 110. | (3) Let me contemplate thee (faire soule) and though . . . | 103 |
| 111. | (4) My name, dear friend, even thy expiring breath . . . | 104 |
| 112. | (5) Chast as the Nuns first vow, as fairly bright . . . | 105 |
| 113. | (6) Goe stop the swift-wing'd moments in their flight . . . | 107 |
| 114. | (7) There is no peace in sinne. <i>Eternall</i> war . . . | 108 |
| 115. | (8) Boast not the rev'rend Vatican, nor all . . . | 109 |

3. 1640. Third Edition in 12mo; with Titles, Characters, and Poems arranged in the order here reprinted. For titles, see *pp. 9, 55, 111*. There are no further additions to the first two parts; but there is added an entire Third Part.

CASTARA. THIRD PART.

- i. A CHARACTER. *The Holy Man.* 112
- ii. TWENTY-TWO Poems, chiefly Sacred, with mottoes from the Vulgate.
We have here given the equivalent passages in the Authorized version:
inserting between [] the Douay version! where it more closely follows
the Latin of the Vulgate.
116. *O Lord, open thou my lips.* Ps. li. 15. No monument of me remaine 115
117. *My harp also is turned to mourning.* Job xxx. 31. Love! I
no orgies sing 116
118. *I will destroy the wisdom of the wise.* 1 Cor. i. 19. Forgive
my envie to the World; while I 118
119. [*Declare unto me the seasons of my days,* Douay]. *He short-*
ened my days. Ps. cii. 23. Tell me O great All knowing God 119
120. *Not unto us, O Lord.* Ps. cxv. 1. No marble statue, nor high 120
121. *The graves are ready for me.* Job xvii. 1. Welcome thou
safe retreat! 121
122. *He fleeth also as a shadow.* Job xiv. 2. What shadow your
faire body made 122
123. *Night unto night sheweth knowledge.* Ps. xix. 2. When I
survay the bright 124
124. *But the proud he knoweth afar off.* Ps. cxxxviii. 6. To the
cold humble hermitage 125
125. *Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.* Ps. xli. 3. My
Soule! When thou and I 126
126. *Praise ye the Lord from the heavens.* Ps. cxlviii. 1. You
Spirits! who have throwne away 127
127. *He cometh forth like a flower.* Job xiv. 2. Faire Madame: you 129
128. *Why boasteth thou thyself in mischief.* Ps. lii. 1. Swell no
more, proud man, so high! 130
129. *My God, my God.* Ps. xxii. 1. There is that foole Philosophie 131
130. [*For I am ready for scourges,* Douay]. *For I am ready to*
halt. Ps. xxxviii. 17. Fix me on some bleake precipice 133
131. [*The life of man upon earth is a warfare,* Douay]. *Is there*
not an appointed time to man upon earth. Job vii. 1.
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132. *Shew me thy ways, O Lord.* Ps. xxv. 4. Where have I
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II. With other Works.

None.

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

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III. Selections, &c.

One or more of these Poems will be found in the Selections of Ellis, H
Headley, *The Lyre of Love*, E. Sandford's *British Poets*, &c. &c.

CASTARA:

—*Carmina non prius
Audita, Musarum facer-
dos Virginibus.*—

The third Edition.
Corrected and augmented



L O N D O N
Printed by *T. Cotes*, for *Will.
Cooke*: and are to be sold at his
Shop neere *Fernivals-Inne* Gate
in *Holburne*. 1640.

The Author



He Presse hath gathered into one, what
fancie had scattered in many loose
papers. To write this, love stole some
houres from businesse, and my more
serious study. For though Poetry may
challenge if not priority, yet equality
with the best Sciences, both for anti-
quity and worth ; I never set so high a rate upon it, as to
give my selfe entirely up to its devotion. It hath too much
ayre, and (if without offence to our next transmarine
neighbour,) ¹wantons too much according to the French
garbe. And when it is wholly imployed in the soft straines
of love, his soule who entertaines it, loseth much of that
strength which should confirme him man. The nerves
of judgement are weakned most by its dalliance, and
when woman, (I meane onely as she is externally faire)
is the supreme object of wit, we soone degenerate into
effeminacy. For the religion of fancie declines into a
mad superstition, when it ²adores that Idoll which is
not secure from age and sicknesse. Of such heathens,
our times afford us a pittied multitude, who can give
no nobler testimony of twenty yeares imployment, then
some loose coppies of lust happily exprest. Yet these
the common people of wit blow up with their breath
of praise, and honour with the Sacred name of Poets :
To which as I beleeeve they can never have any just
claime, so shall I not dare by this essay to lay any title,
since more sweate and oyle he must spend, who shall
arrogate so excellent an attribute. Yet if the inno-
cency of a chaste Muse shall bee more acceptable, and
weigh heavier in the ballance of esteeme, than a fame,
begot in adultery of study ; I doubt I shall leave them
no hope of competition. For how unhappie soever I
may be in the elocution, I am sure the Theame is

¹ she wantons too much. 1635.

² she adores. 1635.

worthy enough. In all those flames in which I burnt, I never felt a wanton heate, nor was my invention ever sinister from the strait way of chastity. And when love builds upon that rocke, it may safely contemne the battery of the waves, and threatnings of the wind. Since time, that makes a mockery of the firmeſt ſtructures ſhall it ſelfe be ruinated, before that be demolisht. Thus was the foundation layd. And though my eye in its ſurvey, was ſatisfi'd, even to curioſity, yet did not my ſearch reſt there. The Alabaſter, Ivory, Porphir, Iet, that lent an admirable beauty to the outward building, entertained me with but a halfe pleaſure, ſince they ſtood there onely to make ſport for ruine. But when my ſoule grew acquainted with the owner of that manſion; I found that Oratory was dombe when it began to ſpeak her, and wonder (which muſt neceſſarily ſeiſe the beſt at that time) a lethargie, that dull'd too much the faculties of the minde, onely fit to buſie themſelves in diſcourſing her perfections, Wiſdome, I encounter'd there, that could not ſpend it ſelfe ſince it affected ſilence, attentive onely to inſtructions, as if all her fences had beene contracted into hearing: Innocencie, ſo not vitiated by converſation with the world, that the ſubtile witted of her ſex, would have tearm'd it ignorance: Wit, which ſeated it ſelfe moſt in the apprehenſion, and if not inforc't by good manners, would ſcarce have gain'd the name of affability: Modeſty, ſo timorous, that it repreſented a beſieg'd Citty, ſtanding watchfully upon her guard, ſtrongeſt in the loyalty to her Prince. In a word, all thoſe vertues which ſhould reſtore woman to her primitive ſtate of beauty, fully adorn'd her. But I ſhall be cenſur'd, in labouring to come nigh the truth, guilty of an indiſcreet Rhetoricke. However ſuch I fancied *her*, for to ſay ſhee is, or was ſuch, were to play the

Merchant, and boast too much the value of a Jewell I possesse, but have no minde to part with. And though I appeare to strive against the streame of best wits, in erecting the selfe same Altar, both to chastity and love; I will for once adventure to doe well, without a president. Nor if my rigid friend question superciliously the setting forth of these Poems, will I excuse my selfe (though justly perhaps I might) that importunity prevail'd, and cleere judgements advis'd. This onely I dare say, that if they are not strangled with envie of the present, they may happily live in the not dislike of future times. For then partiality ceaseth, and vertue is without the idolatry of her clients, esteemed worthy honour. Nothing new is free from detraction, and when Princes alter customes even heavie to the subject, best ordinances are interpreted innovations. Had I slept in the silence of my acquaintance, and affected no study beyond that which the chase or field allowes, Poetry had then beene no scandall upon me, and the love of learning no suspicion of ill husbandry. But what malice, begot in the Country upon ignorance, or in the City upon Criticisme, shall prepare against me, I am armed to endure. For as the face of vertue lookes faire without the adultery of Art, so fame needes no ayde from rumour to strengthen her selfe. If these lines want that courtship, (I will not say flattery) which insinuates it selfe into the favour of great men, best; they partake of my modesty. If Satyre to win applause with the envious multitude; they expresse my content, which maliceth none, the fruition of that, they esteeme happie. And if not too indulgent to what is my owne; I thinke even these verses will have that proportion in the worlds opinion, that heaven hath allotted me in fortune; not so high, as to be wondred at, nor so low as to be contemned.

'To his best friend and Kinsman
William Habington, Esquire.

Not in the silence of content and store
Of private sweets ought thy Muse charme no more
Then thy Castara's eare. 'Twere wrong such gold
Should not like Mines, (poore nam'd to this) behold
It selfe a publike joy. Who her restraine,
Make a close prisoner of a Soveraigne.
Inlarge her then to triumph. While we see
Such worth in beauty, such desert in thee,
Such mutuall flames betweene you both, as show
How chastity, though yce, like love can glow,
Yet stand a Virgin: How that full content
By vertue is to soules united, lent,
Which proves all wealth is poore, all honours are
But empty titles, highest power but care,
That quits not cost. Yet Heaven to Vertue kind,
Hath given you plenty to suffice a minde
That knowes but temper. For beyond your state
May be a prouder, not a happier Fate.
I Write not this in hope t'incroach on fame,
Or adde a greater lustre to your name.
Bright in it selfe enough. We two are knowne
To th' World, as to our selves, to be but one
In blood as study: And my carefull love
Did never action worth my name, approve
Which serv'd not thee. Nor did we ere contend,
But who should be best patterne of a friend.
Who read thee, praise thy fancie, and admire
Thee burning with so high and pure a fire,
As reaches heaven it selfe. But I who know
Thy soule religious to her ends, where grow
No sinnes by art or custome, boldly can
Stile thee more than good Poët, a good man.
Then let thy temples shake off vulgar bayes,
Th' hast built an Altar which enshrines thy praise:
And to the faith of after time commends
Yee the best paire of lovers, us of friends.

²GEORGE TALBOT.

A Mistris.



L*S the fairest treasure, the avarice of Love can covet; and the onely white, at which he shootes his arrowes, nor while his aime is noble, can he ever hit upon repentance. She is chaste, for the devill enters the Idoll and gives the Oracle, when wantonneſſe poſſeſſeth beauty, and wit maintaines it lawfull. She is as faire as Nature intended her, helpt perhaps to a more pleasing grace by the ſweetneſſe of education, not by the flight of Art. She is young, for a woman paſt the delicacie of her ſpring, may well move by vertue to reſpect, never by beauty to affection. Shee is innocent even from the knowledge of finne, for vice is too ſtrong to be wraſſled with, and gives her frailty the foyle. She is not proude, though the amorous youth interpret her modeſtie to that fence; but in her vertue weares ſo much Majeſtie, luſt dares not rebell, nor though maſqued, under the pretence of love, capitulate with her. She entertaines not every parley offer'd, although the Articles pretended to her advantage: advice and her own feares reſtraine her, and woman never owed ruine to too much caution. She glories not in the plurality of ſervants, a multitude of adorers heaven can onely challenge, and it is impietie in her weakeneſſe to deſire ſuperſtition from many. She is deaſe to the whiſpers of love, and even on the marriage houre can breake off, without the leaſt ſuſpition of ſcandall, to the former liberty of her carriage. She avoydes a too neere converſation with man, and like the Parthian overcomes by flight. Her language is not copious but appoſit, and ſhe had rather ſuffer the reproach of being dull company, than have the title of Witty, with that of*

Bold and Wanton. In her carriage she is sober, and thinks her youth expresseth life enough, without the giddy motion, fashion of late hath taken up. She danceth to the best applause but doates not on the vanity of it, nor licenceth an irregular meeting to vaunt the levity of her skill. She sings, but not perpetually, for she knowes, silence in woman is the most perswading oratory. She never arriv'd to so much familiarity with man as to know the diminutive of his name, and call him by it; and she can show a competent favour: without yeelding her hand to his gripe. Shee never understood the language of a kisse, but at salutation, nor dares the Courtier use so much of his practis'd impudence as to offer the rape of it from her: because chastity hath writ it unlawfull, and her behaviour proclaimes it unwelcome. She is never sad, and yet not jiggish; her conscience is cleere from guilt, and that secures her from sorrow. She is not passionately in love with poetry, because it softens the heart too much to love; but she likes the harmony in the Composition; and the brave examples of vertue celebrated by it, she proposeth to her imitation. She is not vaine in the history of her gay kindred or acquaintance; since vertue is often tenant to a cottage, and familiarity with greatnesse (if worth be not transcendant above the title) is but a glorious servitude, fooles onely are willing to suffer. She is not ambitious to be prais'd, and yet vallues death beneath infamy. And Ile conclude, (though the next sinod of Ladies condemne this character as an heresie broacht by a Precision) that onely she who hath as great a share in vertue as in beauty, deserves a noble love to serve her, and a free Poesie to speake her.

To CASTARA.

A Sacrifice.

FET the chaste Phoenix from the flowry East,
Bring the sweete treasure of her perfum'd nest,
As incense to this Altar, where the name
Of my *Castara's* grav'd by th' hand of fame.

Let purer Virgins, to redeeme the aire
From loose infection, bring their zealous prayer,
T' assist at this great feast : where they shall see,
What rites Love offers up to Chastity.
Let all the amorous Youth, whose faire desire
Felt never warmth, but from a noble fire,
Bring hither their bright flames : which here shall shine
As Tapers fixt about *Castara's* shrine.

While I the Priest, my untam'd heart, surprise,
And in this Temple mak't her sacrifice.

To CASTARA,

Praying.

ISaw *Castara* pray, and from the skie,
A winged legion of bright Angels flie
To catch her vows, for feare her Virgin prayer
Might chance to mingle with impurer aire.

To vulgar eyes, the sacred truth I write,
May seeme a fancie. But the Eagles sight
Of Saints, and Poets, miracles oft view,
Which to dull Heretikes appeare untrue.
Faire zeale begets such wonders. O divine
And purest beauty ; let me thee enshrine
In my devoted soule, and from thy praise,
T' enrich my garland, pluck religious Bayes.
Shine thou the starre by which my thoughts shall move,
Best subject of my pen, Queene of my love.

To Rofes in the bofome of C A S T A R A.

YEE blufhing Virgins happie are
In the chafte Nunn'ry of her brefts,
For hee'd prophane fo chafte a faire,
Who ere should call them *Cupids* nefts.

Transplanted thus how bright yee grow,
How rich a perfume doe yee yeeld?
In fome clofe garden, Cowflips fo
Are sweeter then ith' open field.

In thofe white Cloyfters live secure
From the rude blafts of wanton breath,
Each houre more innocent and pure,
Till you fhall wither into death.

Then that which living gave you roome,
Your glorious fepulcher fhall be.
There wants no marble for a tombe,
Whofe brest hath marble beene to me.

To C A S T A R A,

A Vow.

BY thofe chafte lamps which yeeld a filent light,
To the cold Vrnies of Virgins; By that night,
Which guilty of no crime, doth onely heare
The Vowes of reclufe Nuns, and th' An'thris
And by thy chafter felfe; My fervent zeale [prayer;
Like mountaine yce, which the North winds congeale,
To pureft Chrifall, fees no wanton fire.
But as the humble Pilgrim, (whofe defire
Blest in Chrifs cottage, view by Angels hands,
Transported from fad Bethlem,) wondring ftands
At the great miracle: So I at thee,
Whofe beauty is the fhine of chafteity.

Thus my bright Mufe in a new orbe fhall move,
And even teach Religion how to love.

To CASTARA,
Of his being in Love.

Here am I? not in Heaven: for oh I feele
The stone of *Sisiphus*, *Ixions* wheele;
And all those tortures, Poets (by their wine
Made judges) laid on *Tantalus*, are mine.
Not yet am I in hell; for still I stand,
Though giddy in my passion, on firme land,
And still behold the seasons of the yeare,
Springs in my hope, and Winters in my feare.
And sure I'me 'bove the earth: For th' highest star
Shoots beames, but dim to what *Castara's* are,
And in her sight and favour I even shine
In a bright orbe beyond the Christalline.
If then *Castara* I in Heaven nor move,
Nor Earth, nor Hell; where am I but in Love?

To my honoured Friend, Mr. E. P.

Not still ith' shine of Kings. Thou dost retire
Sometime to th' Holy shade, where the chaste
quire
Of Muses doth the stubborne Panther awe,
And give the wildernesse of his nature law.
The wind his chariot stops: Th' attentive rocke
The rigor doth of its creation mocke,
And gently melts away: *Argus* to heare
The musicke, turnes each eye into an eare.
To welcome thee, *Endymion*, glorious they
Triumph to force these creatures disobey
What nature hath enacted. But no charme
The Muses have these monsters can disarm
Of their innated rage: No spell can tame
The North-winds fury, but *Castara's* name.
Climbe yonder forked hill, and see if there
Ith' barke of every *Daphne*, not appeare
Castara written; And so markt by me,
How great a Prophet growes each Virgin tree?

Lie downe, and listen what the sacred spring
 In her harmonious murmures, strives to sing
 To th' neighb'ring banke, ere her loofe waters erre
 Through common channels ; sings she not of her ?
 Behold yond' violet, which such honour gaines,
 That growing but to emulate her veines,
 It's azur'd like the skie : when she doth bow
 T' invoke *Castara*, heav'n perfumes her vow.
 The trees the water, and the flowers adore
 The Deity of her sex, and through each pore
 Breath forth her glories. But unquiet love
 'To make thy passions so uncourtly prove,
 As if all eares should heare her praise alone.
 Now listen thou ; *Endymion* sings his owne.

To CASTARA.



Oe not their prophane Orgies heare,
 Who but to wealth no altars reare,
 The foule's oft poys'ned through the eare.

Castara rather seeke to dwell
 Ith' silence of a private cell.
 Rich discontent's a glorious hell.

Yet *Hindlip* doth not want extent
 Of roome (though not magnificent)
 To give free welcome to content.

There shalt thou see the earely Spring,
 That wealthy stocke of nature bring,
 Of which the Sybils bookes did sing.

From fruitlesse Palmes shall honey flow,
 And barren Winter Harvest show,
 While Lilies in his bosome grow,

No North-winde shall the corne infest,
 But the soft spirit of the East,
 Our sent with perfum'd banquets feast.

¹ To make affection so ill-nurtur'd prove. 1634, 1635.

A Satyre here and there shall trip,
In hope to purchase leave to sip
Sweete Nectar from a Fairies lip.

The Nimphs with quivers shall adorne
Their active sides, and rouse the morne
With the shrill musicke of their horne.

Wakened with which, and viewing thee,
Faيرة *Daphne* her faire selfe shall free,
From the chaste prison of a tree :

And with *Narcissus* (to thy face
Who humbly will ascribe all grace)
Shall once againe pursue the chafe.

So they, whose wisdom did discusse
Of these as fictions : shall in us
Finde, they were more then fabulous.

To C A S T A R A,

Softly singing to her selfe.

Sing forth sweete Cherubin (for we have choice
Of reasons in thy beauty and the voyce,
To name thee so, and scarce appeare prophane)
Sing forth, that while the orbs celestiall straine
To eccho thy sweete note, our humane eares
May then receive the Musicke of the Spheares.
But yet take heede, lest if the Swans of Thames,
That adde harmonious pleasure to the streames,
Oth' sudden heare thy well-divided breath,
Should listen, and in silence welcome death :
And raviisht Nightingales, striving too high
To reach thee, in the emulation dye.

And thus there will be left no bird to sing
Farewell to th' Waters, welcome to the Spring.

To a Wanton.

IN vaine faireforcereffe, thy eyes speake charmes,
 In vaine thou mak'st loofe circles with thy armes.
 I'me 'bove thyfpels. No magicke him can move,
 In whom *Castara* hath inspir'd her love.
 As she, keepe thou strict cent'nell o're thy eare,
 Left it the whispers of soft Courtiers heare ;
 Reade not his raptures, whose invention must
 Write journey worke, both for his Patrons lust,
 And his owne plush : let no admirer feast
 His eye oth' naked banquet of thy brest.
 If this faire president, nor yet my want
 Of love, to answer thine, make thee recant
 Thy forc'ries ; Pity shall to justice turne,
 And judge thee, witch, in thy owne flames to burne.

*To the Honourable my much honoured
 friend, R. B. Esquire.*

Hile you dare trust the loudest tongue of fame,
 The zeale you heare your Mistresse to proclaim
 To th' talking world : I in the silent'st grove,
 Scarce to my selfe dare whisper that I love.
 Thee, titles *Brud'nell*, riches thee adorne,
 And vigorous youth to vice not headlong borne
 By th' tide of custome : Which I value more
 Then what blind superstitious fooles adore,
 Who greatnesse in the chaire of blisse enthrone.
 Greatnesse we borrow, Vertue is our owne.
 In thy attempt be prosperous, and when ere
 Thou shalt prefix the houre ; may *Hymen* weare
 His brightest robe ; where some sam'd *Perſian* shall
 Worke by the wonder of her needle all
 The nuptiall joyes ; which (if we Poets be

True Prophets) bounteous heaven designs for thee.
 I envie not, but glory in thy fate,
 While in the narrow limits of my state
 I bound my hopes. Which if *Castara* daigne
 Once to entitle hers; the wealthiest graine
 My earth, untild shall beare; my trees shall grone
 Vnder their fruitfull burthen, and at one
 And the same season, Nature forth shall bring
 Riches of Autumne, pleasures of the Spring.
 But digge, and thou shalt finde a purer Mine
 The th' Indians boast: Taste of this generous Vine,
 And her blood sweeter will than Nectar prove.
 Such miracles wait on a noble love.
 But should she scorne my suite, I'll tread that path
 Which none but some sad Fairy beaten hath.
 There force wrong'd *Philomel*, hearing my mone,
 To sigh my greater griefes, forget her owne.

*To CASTARA,
 Inquiring why I loved her.*



Hy doth the stubborne iron prove
 So gentle to th' magnetique stone?
 How know you that the orbs doe move;
 With musicke too? since heard of none?
 And I will answer why I love.

'Tis not thy vertues, each a starre
 Which in thy soules bright spheare doe shine,
 Shooting their beauties from a farre,
 To make each gazers heart like thine;
 Our vertues often Meteors are.

'Tis not thy face, I cannot spie
 When Poëts weepe some Virgins death,
 That *Cupid* wantons in her eye,
 Or perfumes vapour from her breath,
 And 'mongst the dead thou once must lie.¹

¹ And there must once thy beauty lie. 1634, 1635.

Nor is't thy birth. For I was ne're
 So vaine as in that to delight :
 Which ballance it, no weight doth beare,
 Nor yet is object to the fight,
 But onely fils the vulgar eare.

Nor yet thy fortunes : Since I know
 They in their motion like the Sea :
 Ebbe from the good, to the impious flow :
 And so in flattery betray,
 That, raising they but overthrow.

And yet these attributes might prove
 Fuell enough t' enflame desire ;
 But there was something from above,
 Shot without reasons guide, this fire.
 I know, yet know not, why I love.

*To CASTARA,
 Looking upon him.*

TRansfix me with that flaming dart
 Ith' eye, or brest, or any part,
 So thou, *Castara*, spare my heart.

The cold Cymerian by that bright
 Warme wound, ith' darknesse of his night,
 Might both recover heat, and light.

The rugged Scythian gently move,
 Ith' whispering shadow of some grove,
 That's consecrate to sportive Love.

December see the Primrose grow,
 The Rivers in soft murmurs flow,
 And from his head shake off his snow.

And crooked age might feele againe
 Those heates, of which youth did complaine,
 While fresh blood swels each withered veyne.

For the bright lustre of thy eyes,
Which but to warme them would suffice,
May burne me to a sacrifice.

¹ *To the right honourable the Countesse of Ar.*



Ing'd with delight (yet such as still doth beare
Chaste vertues stamp) those Children of the yeere
The dayes, haste nimbly; and while as they flie,
Each of them with their predeceffors vie,
Which yeelds most pleasure; you to them dispence,
What Time lost with his cradle, innocence.
So I (if fancie not delude my sight,)
See often the pale monarch of the night,
Diana, 'mong her nimphs. For every quire
Of vulgar starres, who lend their weaker fire
To conquer the nights chilnesse, with their Queene,
In harmelesse revels tread the happy greene.
But I who am proscrib'd by tyrant love,
Seeke out a silent exile in some grove,
Where nought except a solitary Spring,
Was ever heard, to which the Nimphs did sing
Narcissus obsequies: For onely there
Is musique apt to catch an am'rous eare.
Castara! oh my heart! How great a flame
Did even shoot into me with her name?
Castara hath betray'd me to a zeale
Which thus distracts my hopes. Flints may conceale
In their cold veynes a fire. But I whose heart
By Love's dissolv'd, ne're practis'd that cold art.
But truce thou warring passion, for I'll now
Madam to you addresse this solemne vow.
By Vertue and your selfe (best friends) I finde
In the interiour province of your minde
Such government: That if great men obey
Th' example of your order, they will fway
Without reprove. For onely you unite
Honour with sweetenesse, vertue with delight.

¹ *To the right honourable my very good Lady,
Anne Countesse of Ar. 1634, 1635.*

Vpon CASTARA'S frowne or smile.



Earned shade of *Tycho Brache*, who to us,
The stars prophetick language didst impart,
And even in life their mysteries discusse:
Castara hath o'rethrowne thy strongest art.

When custome struggles from her beaten path,
Then accidents must needs uncertaine be.
For if *Castara* smile; though winter hath
Lock't up the rivers: Summer's warme in me.

And *Flora* by the miracle reviv'd,
Doth even at her owne beauty wondring stand.
But should she frowne, the Northerne wind arriv'd,
In midst of Summer, leads his frozen band:
Which doth to yce my youthfull blood congeale,
Yet in the midst of yce, still flames my zeale.

*In CASTARA,
All fortunes.*



Y E glorious wits, who finde then *Parian* stone,
A nobler quarry to build trophies on, [fame,
Purchast 'gainst conquer'd time; Go court loud
He wins it, who but sings *Castara's* name?
Aspiring foules, who grow but in a Spring,
Forc't by the warmth of some indulgent King:
Know if *Castara* smile: I dwell in it,
And vie for glory with the Favorit.
Ye sonnes of avarice, who but to share
Vncertaine treasure with a certaine care.
Tempt death in th' horrid Ocean: I, when ere
I but approach her, find the Indies there.
Heaven brightest Saint, kinde to my vowes made thee
Of all ambition courts, th' Epitome.


Vpon thought C A S T A R A may dye.

IF she should dye, (as well suspect we may,
A body so compact should ne're decay)
Her brighter soule would in the Moone inspire
More chastity, in dimmer starres more fire.
You twins of *Leda* (as your parents are
In their wild lusts) may grow irregular
Now in your motion: for the marriner
Henceforth shall onely steere his course by her.
And when the zeale of after time¹ shall spie
Her uncorrupt ith' happy marble lie;
The roses in her cheekes unwithered,
'Twill turne to love, and dote upon the dead.
For he who did to her in life dispence
A heaven, will banish all corruption thence.

*Time to the moments, on sight
of C A S T A R A.*

YOU younger children of your father stay,
Swift flying moments (which divide the day
And with your number measure out the yeare
In various seasons) stay and wonder here.
For since my cradle, I so bright a grace
Ne're saw, as you see in *Castara's* face;
Whom nature to revenge some youthfull crime
Would never frame, till age had weakened Time.
Else spight of fate, in some faire forme of clay
My youth I'de bodied, throwne my sythe away,
And broke my glasse. But since that cannot be,
I'll punish Nature for her injurie.
On nimble moments in your journey flie,
Castara shall like me, grow old, and die.

*To a friend inquiring her name, whom
he loved.*

ond Love himselfe hopes to disguise
From view, if he but covered lies,
Ith' veile of my transparent eyes.

Though in a smile himselfe he hide,
Or in a sigh, thou art so tride
In all his arts, hee'le be discride.


I must confesse (Deare friend) my flame,
Whose boasts *Castara* so doth tame,
That not thy faith, shall know her name.

Twere prophanation of my zeale,
If but abroad one whisper steale,
They love betray, who him reveale.

In a darke cave which never eye
Could by his subtlest ray descry,
It doth like a rich minerall lye.

Which if she with her flame refine,
I'de force it from that obscure Mine,
And then it like pure should shine.

A Dialogue betweene Hope and Feare.

Feare, hecke thy forward thoughts, and know
Hymen onely joynes their hands;
Who with even paces goe,
Shee in gold, he rich in lands.

Hope. But *Castara's* purer fire,
When it meetes a noble flame :
Shuns the smoke of such desire,
Ioynes with love, and burnes the same.

- Fear.** Yet obedience must prevaile,
They who o're her actions sway :
Would have her in th' Ocean faile,
And contemne thy narrow sea.
- Hope.** Parents lawes must beare no weight
When they happineffe prevent.
And our sea is not so streight,
But it roome hath for content.
- Fear.** Thousand hearts as victims stand,
At the Altar of her eyes.
And will partiall she command,
Onely thine for sacrifice ?
- Hope.** Thousand victims must returne ;
Shee the purest will designe :
Chooſe *Caſtara* which ſhall burne,
Chooſe the pureſt, that is, mine.

To C U P I D,

Vpon a dimple in C A S T A R A's cheek.



Imble boy in thy warme flight,
What cold tyrant dimm'd thy ſight ?
Hadſt thou eyes to ſee my faire,
Thou wouldſt ſigh thy ſelfe to ayre :
Fearing to create this one,
Nature had her ſelfe undone.
But if you when this you heare
Fall downe murdered through your eare,
Begge of *Iove* that you may have
In her cheek a dimpled grave.
Lilly, Roſe, and Violet,
Shall the perfum'd Hearſe beſet
While a beauteous ſheet of Lawne,
O're the wanton corps is drawne :
And all lovers uſe this breath ;
“ Here lies *Cupid* bleſt in death.

*Vpon CVPID'S death and buriall in
CASTARA'S cheeke*



*C*upid dead. Who would not dye,
To be interr'd so neere her eye?
Who would feare the sword, to have
Such an Alabaſter grave?

O're which two bright tapers burne,
To give light to the beauteous Vrne.
At the firſt *Caſtara* ſmil'd,
Thinking *Cupid* her beguil'd,
Onely counterfeiting death.
But when ſhe perceiv'd his breath
Quite expir'd: the mournefull Girle,
To entombe the boy in Pearle,
Wept ſo long; till pittious *Iove*,
From the aſhes of this Love,
Made ten thouſand *Cupids* riſe,
But confin'd them to her eyes:
Where they yet, to ſhew they lacke
No due ſorrow, ſtill weare blacke.
But the blacks ſo glorious are
Which they mourne in, that the faire
Quires of ſtarres, look pale and fret,
Seeing themſelves out ſhin'd by jet.


To Fame.



*L*y on thy ſwifteſt wing, ambitious Fame,
And ſpeake to the cold North *Caſtara's* name:
Which very breath will, like the Eaſt wind, bring
The temperate warmth, and muſicke of the Spring.
Then from the Articke to th' Antarticke Pole,
Haſte nimble and inſpire a gentler ſoule,
By naming her, ith' torrid South; that he
May milde as *Zephrus* coole whiſpers be.
Nor let the Weſt where heaven already joyneſ,
The vaſteſt Empire, and the wealthieſt Mines:
Nor th' Eaſt in pleaſures wanton, her condemne,
For not diſtributing her gifts on them.

For she with want would have her bounty meete.
Loves noble charity is so discrete.

*A Dialogue betweene Araphill and
Castara.*

Araph.  Oft not thou *Castara* read
Am'rous volumes in my eyes?
Doth not every motion plead
What I'de shew, and yet disguise?
Sences act each others part.
Eyes, as tongues, reveale the heart.

Cast. I saw love, as lightning breake
From thy eyes, and was content
Oft to heare thy silence speake.
Silent love is eloquent.
So the sence of learning heares,
The dumbe musicke of the Spheares.

Araph. Then there's mercy in your kinde,
Lifting to an unfain'd love,
Or strives he to tame the wind,
Who would your compassion move?
No y'are pittious, as y're faire.
Heaven relents, o'recome by prayer.

Cast. But loose man too prodigall
Is in the expence of vowes;
And thinks to him kingdomes fall
When the heart of woman bowes:
Frailty to your armes may yeeld;
Who resists you, wins the field.

Araph. Triumph not to see me bleede,
Let the Bore chafed¹ from his den,
On the wounds of mankinde feede.
Your soft sexe should pittie men.
Malice well may practise Art,
Love hath a transparent heart.

Cast. Yet is love all one deceit,
A warme frost, a frozen fire.

¹ chased. 1634, 1635.

She within her selfe is great,
 Who is slave to no desire.
 Let youth act, and age advise,
 And then love may finde his eyes.

Araph. *Hymens* torch yeelds a dim light,
 When ambition joynes our hands.
 A proud day, but mournfull night,
 She sustaines, who marries lands.
 Wealth slaves man, but for their Ore,
 Th' Indians had beene free, though poore.

Cast. And yet wealth the fuell is
 Which maintaines the nuptiall fire,
 And in honour there's a blisse.
 Th' are immortall who aspire.
 But truth sayes, no joyes are sweete,
 But where hearts united meete.

Araph. Roses breath not such a sent,
 To perfume the neighbring groves ;
 As when you affirme content,
 In no spheare of glory moves.
 Glory narrow foules combines :
 Noble hearts Love onely joynes.

*To CASTARA,
 Intending a journey into the Countrey.*



Hy haste you hence *Castara*? can the earth,
 A glorious mother, in her flowry birth,
 Shew Lillies like thy brow? Can she disclose
 In emulation of thy cheek, a Rose,
 Sweete as thy blush? Upon thy selfe then set
 Iust value, and scome it, thy counterfet.
 The Spring's still with thee; But perhaps the field,
 Not warm'd with thy approach, wants force to yeeld,
 Her tribute to the Plough; O rather let
 Th' ingratefull earth for ever be in debt
 To th' hope of sweating industry, than we
 Should starve with cold, who have no heat but thee.
 Nor feare the publike good. Thy eyes can give
 A life to all, who can deserve to live.

Vpon CASTARA's departure.

TAm engag'd to sorrow, and my heart
 Feeles a distracted rage. Though you depart
 And leave me to my feares; let love in spite
 Of absence, our divided soules unite.

But you must goe. The melancholy Doves
 Draw *Venus* chariot hence. The sportive Loves
 Which wont to wanton here, hence with you flye,
 And like false friends forsake me when I dye.

For but a walking tombe, what can he be;
 Whose best of life is forc't to part with thee?

*To CASTARA,**Vpon a trembling kisse at departure.*

TH' Arabian wind, whose breathing gently blows
 Purple to th' Violet, blushes to the Rose;
 Did never yeeld an odour rich as this.

Why are you then so thrifty of a kisse,
 Authoriz'd even by custome? Why doth feare
 So tremble on your lip, my lip being neare?
 Thinke you I parting with so sad a zeale,
 Will act so blacke a mischief, as to steale
 Thy Roses thence? And they, by this device,
 Transplanted: somewhere else force Paradise?
 Or else you feare, lest you, should my heart skip
 Vp to my mouth, t' incounter with your lip,

Might rob me of it: and be judg'd in this,
 T' have *Judas* like betraid me with a kisse.

*To CASTARA,**Looking backe at her departing.*

TOoke backe *Castara*. From thy eye
 Let yet more flaming arrowes flye.
 To live, is thus to burne and dye.

For what might glorious hope desire,
 But that thy selfe, as I expire,
 Should bring both death and funerall fire?

Distracted Love, shall grieve to see
Such zeale in death : For feare lest he
Himselfe, should be consumed in me.

And gathering up my ashes, weepe,
That in his teares he then may sleepe :
And thus embalm'd, as reliques, keepe.

Thither let lovers pilgrims turne,
And the loose flames in which they burne,
Give up as offerings to my Vrne.

That them the vertue of my shrine,
By miracle so long refine ;
Till they prove innocent as mine.

Vpon CASTARA'S absence.



Is madnesse to give Physicke to the dead ;
Then leaue me friends: Yet haply you'd here read
A lecture ; but I'le not dissected be,
T' instruct your Art by my anatomic.
But still you trust your sense, sweare you discry
No difference in me. All's deceit oth'eye,
Some spirit hath a body fram'd in th' ayre,
Like mine, which he doth to delude you, weare :
Else heaven by miracle makes me suruive
My selfe, to keepe in me poore Love alive.
But I am dead, yet let none question where
My best part rests, and with a sigh or teare,
Prophane the Pompe, when they my corps interre,
My foule imparadis'd, for 'tis with her.

To CASTARA,

Complaining her absence in the Country.



He lesser people of the ayre conspire
To keepe thee from me, *Philomel* with higher
And sweeter notes, wooes thee to weepe herrape.
Which would appease the gods, and change her
The early Larke, preferring 'fore soft rest [shape.

Obsequious duty, leaves his downy nest,
 And doth to thee harmonious tribute pay ;
 Expecting from thy eyes the breake of day.
 From which the Owle is frighted, and doth rove
 (As never having felt the warmth of love.)
 In uncouth vaults, and the chill shades of night,
 Nor biding the bright lustre of thy sight.

With him my fate agrees. Not viewing thee
 I'me lost in mists, at best, but meteors see.

To THAMES.

SWIFT in thy watry chariot, courteous *Thames*,
 Hast by the happy error of thy streames,
 To kisse the banks of *Marlow*, which doth shew
 Faire *Seymors*, and beyond that never flow.

Then summon all thy Swans, that who did give
 Musicke to death, may henceforth sing, and live,
 For my *Castara*. She can life restore,
 Or quicken them who had no life before.
 How should the Poplar else the Pine provoke ;
 The stately Cedar challenge the rude Oke
 To dance at sight of her ? They have no sense
 From nature given, but by her influence.

¹ If *Orpheus* did those senselesse creatures move,
 He was a Prophet, and fore-sang my love.

*To the right honourable the Earle
 of SHREWS.*²

MY Muse (great Lord) when last you heard her sing
 Did to your Vncles Vrne, her off'rings bring :
 And if to fame I may give faith, your eares
 Delighted in the musicke of her teares.

That was her debt to vertue. And when e're
 She her bright head among the clouds shall reare
 And adde to th' wondring heavens a new flame,

¹ If *Orpheus* did those senselesse creatures stirre,
 He was a Prophet, and fore-sang of her. 1634, 1635.

² To the Right Honourable my very good Lord, JOHN Earle of S. 1634, 1635.

Shee'll celebrate the Genius of your name,
 Wilde with another rage, inspir'd by love,
 She charmes the Myrtles of the Idalian grove.
 And while she gives the Cyprian stormes a law,
 Those wanton Doves which *Cythereia* draw
 Through th'am'rous ayre: Admire what power doth sway
 The Ocean, and arrest them in their way.
 She sings *Castara* then. O she more bright,
 Than is the starry Senate of the night;
 Who in their motion did like straglers erre,
 Cause they deriv'd no influence from her,
 Who's constant as she's chaste. The Sinne hath beene
 Clad like a neighb'ring shepheard often seene
 To hunt those Dales, in hope then *Daphnes*, there
 To see a brighter face. Th' Astrologer
 In th' interim dyed, whose proud Art could not show
 Whence that Eclipse did on the sudden grow.
 A wanton Satyre eager in the chase
 Of some faire Nymph, beheld *Castara's* face,
 And left his loose pursuite; who while he ey'd,
 Vnchastely, such a beauty, glorified
 With such a vertue; by heavens great commands
 Turn'd marble, and there yet a Statute stands.
 As Poet thus. But as a Christian now,
 And by my zeale to you (my Lord) I vow,
 She doth a flame so pure and sacred move;
 In me impiety 'twere not to love.

To CUPID.

Wishing a speedy passage to CASTARA.



Hanks *Cupid*, but the Coach of *Venus* moves
 For me too slow, drawn but by lazie Doves.
 I, lest a journey my delay should finde,
 Will leape into the chariot of the winde.
 Swift as the flight of lightning through the ayre,
 Hee'll hurry me till I approach the faire
 But unkinde *Seymors*. Thus he will proclaime,
 What tribute winds owe to *Castara's* name.

Viewing this prodigie, astonisht they,
 Who first acceſſe deny'd me, will obey,
 With feare what love commands: Yet cenſure me
 As guilty of the blackeſt forcery.

But after to my wiſhes milder prove:
 When they know this the miracle of love.

To C A S T A R A.

Of Love.

How fancie mockes me? By th' effect I prove,
 'Twas am'rous folly, wings aſcrib'd to love,
 And ore th' obedient elements command.
 Hee's lame as he is blinde, for here I ſtand
 Fixt as the earth. Throw then this Idoll downe
 Yee lovers who firſt made it; which can frowne
 Or ſmile but as you pleaſe. But I'me untame
 In rage. *Caſtara* call thou¹ on his name,
 And though hee'le not beare up my vowe to thee,
 Hee'le triumph to bring downe my Saint to me.

To the Spring,

Vpon the uncertainty of C A S T A R A'S abode.

Faire Miſtreſſe of² the earth, with garlands crown'd
 Riſe, by a lovers charme, from the parcht ground,
 And ſhew thy flowry wealth: that ſhe, where ere
 Her ſtarres ſhall guide her, meete thy beauties
 Should ſhe to the cold Northerne climates goe, [there.
 Force thy affrighted Lillies there to grow;
 Thy Roſes in thoſe gelid fields t' appeare;
 She abſent, I have all their Winter here.
 Or if to the torrid Zone her way ſhe bend,
 Her the coole breathing of *Favonius* lend,
 Thither command the birds to bring their quires.
 That Zone is temp'rate. I have all his fires.

Attend her, courteous Spring, though we ſhould here
 Loſe by it all the treaſures of the yeete.

¹ then. 1634.

² 10. 1634, 1635.

To Reason,

Vpon CASTARA'S absence.

With your calme precepts goe, and lay a storme,
 In some brest flegmaticke which would conformance
 Her life to your cold lawes : In vain y' engage
 Your selfe on me. I will obey my rage.
 Shee's gone, and I am lost. Some unknowne grove
 I'le finde, whereby the miracle of Love
 I'le turne t' a fountaine, and divide the yeere,
 By numbring every moment with a teare.
 Where if *Castara* (to avoyd the beames
 Oth' neighb'ring Sun) shall wandring meete my streames.
 And tasting, hope her thirst alaid shall be,
 Shee'le feele a sudden flame, and burne like me :
 And thus distracted cry. Tell me thou cleere,
 But treach'rous Fount, what lover's coffin'd here?

An^r answer to CASTARA'S question.

T'is I *Castara*, who when thou wert gone,
 Did freeze into this melancholy stone,
 To weepe the minutes of thy absence. Where
 Can greefe have freer scope to mourne than here?
 The Larke here practiseth a sweeter straine,
Aurora's early blush to entertaine,
 And having too deepe tasted of these streames,
 He loves, and amorously courts her beames.
 The courteous turtle with a wandring zeale,
 Saw how to stone I did my selfe congeale,
 And murm'ring askt what power this change did move
 The language of my waters whispered, Love.
 And thus transform'd Ile stand, till I shall see,
 That heart so ston'd and frozen, thaw'd in thee

*To CASTARA.
Upon the disguising his affection.*

PRonounce me guilty of a Blacker crime,
Then e're in the large Volume writ by Time,
The sad Historian reads, if not my Art
Dissembles love, to veile an am'rous heart.
For when the zealous anger of my friend
Checkes my unusuall sadnesse: I pretend
To study vertue, which indeede I doe,
He must court vertue who aspires to you.
Or that some friend is dead and then a teare,
A sigh or groane steales from me: for I feare
Lest death with love hath strooke my heart, and all
These sorrowes usher but its funerall.
¹Which should revive, should there you a mourner be,
And force a nuptiall in an obsequie.

*To the honourable my honoured kinsman.
Mr. G. T.*

THrice hath the pale-fac'd Empreffe of the night,
Lent in her chaste increase her borrowed light,
To guide the vowing Mariner: since mute
Talbot th'ast beene, too slothfull to salute
Thy exil'd servant. Labour not t' excuse
This dull neglect: Love never wants a Muse.
When thunder summons from eternall sleepe
Th' imprison'd ghosts, and spreads oth' frighted deepe,
A veile of darknesse; penitent to be
I may forget, yet still remember thee,
Next to my faire, under whose eye-lids move,
In nimble measures beauty, wit, and love.
Nor thinke *Castara* (though the sexe be fraile,
And ever like uncertaine vessels faile
On th' ocean of their passions; while each wind
Triumphs to see their more uncertaine mind,)
Can be induc't to alter: Every starre
May in its motion grow irregular;

¹ Which would revive, should you there mourner be. 1634. 1635.

The Sunne forget to yeeld his welcome flame
 To th' teeming earth, yet she remaine the fame.
 And in my armes (if Poets may diuine)
 I once that world of beauty shall intwine,
 And on her lips print volumes of my love,
 Without a froward checke, and sweetly move
 Ith' Labyrinth of delight. If not, Ile draw
 Her picture on my heart, and gently thaw
 With warmth of zeale, untill I heaven entreat,
 To give true life to th' ayery counterfeit.

Eccho to Narcissus.

In praise of CASTARA'S discreete Love.



Corn'd in thy watry Vrne *Narcissus* lye,
 Thou shalt not force more tribute from my eye
 T' increase thy streames: or make me weepe a
 showre,

To adde fresh beauty to thee, now a flowre.
 But should relenting heaven restore thee sence,
 To seee such wisedome temper innocence,
 In faire *Castara's* love; how she discreet,
 Makes caution with a noble freedome meete,
 At the same moment; should'it confesse fond boy,
 Fooles onely think them vertuous, who are coy.
 And wonder not that I, who have no choyce
 Of speech, have praying her so free a voyce:
 Heaven her severest sentence doth repeale,
 When to *Castara* I would speake my zeale.

To CASTARA,

Being debarr'd her presence.



Anisht from you, I charg'd the nimble winde,
 My unseene Messenger, to speake my minde,
 In am'rous whispers to you. But my Muse
 Lest the unruly spirit should abuse
 The trust repos'd in him, sayd it was due
 To her alone, to sing my loves to you.
 Heare her then speake. Bright Lady, from whose eye

Shot lightning to his heart, who joyes to dye
 A martyr in your flames : O let your love
 Be great and firme as his : Then nought shall move
 Your settled faiths, that both may grow together :
 Or if by Fate divided, both may wither.
 Hark ! 'twas a groane. Ah how sad absence rends
 His troubled thoughts ! See, he from *Marlow* sends
 His eyes to *Seymors*. Then chides th' envious trees,
 And unkinde distance. Yet his fancie fees
 And courts your beauty, joyes as he had cleav'd
 Close to you, and then weepes because deceiv'd.
 Be constant as y^ere faire. For I fore-see
 A glorious triumph waits o'th victorie
 Your love will purchase, shewing us to prize
 A true content. There onely Love hath eyes.

*To Seymors,
 The house in which CASTARA lived.*

Blest Temple, haile, where the Chast Altar stands,
 Which Nature built, but the exacter hands
 Of Vertue polisht. Though sad Fate deny
 My prophane feete access, my vowes shall flye.
 May those Musicians, which divide the ayre
 With their harmonious breath, their flight prepare,
 For this glad place, and all their accents frame,
 To teach the Eccho my *Castara's* name.
 The beautilous troopes of graces led by love
 In chaste attempts, possesse the neighb'ring grove
 Where may the Spring dwell still. May every tree
 Turne to a Laurell, and propheticke be.
 Which shall in its first Oracle divine,
 That courteous Fate decree *Castara* mine.

*To the Dew,
 In hope to see CASTARA walking.*

Bright Dew which dost the field adorne
 As th' earth to welcome in the morne,
 Would hang a jewell on each come.

Did not the pittious night, whose cares
Have oft beene conscious of my feares
Distill you from her eyes as teares?

Or that *Castara* for your zeale,
When she her beauties shall reveale,
Might you to Dyamonds congeale?

If not your pity, yet how ere
Your care I praise, 'gainst she appeare,
To make the wealthy Indies here.

But see she comes. Bright lampe oth' skie,
Put out thy light: the world shall spie,
A fairer Sunne in either eye.

And liquid Pearle, hang heavie now
On every graffe that it may bow
In veneration of her brow.

Yet if the wind should curious be,
And were I here, should question thee,
Hee's full of whispers, speak not me.

But if the busie tell-tale day,
Our happy enterview betray;
Left thou confesse too, melt away.

To CASTARA.

STay under the kinde shadow of this tree
Castara, and protect thy selfe and me [Kings,
From the Sunnes rayes. Which shew the grace of
A dangerous warmth with too much favour
How happy in this shade the humble Vine [brings.
Doth 'bout some taller tree her selfe intwine,
And so grows fruitfull; teaching us her fate
Doth beare more sweetes, though Cedars beare more state:
Behold *Adonis* in yand' purple flowre,
T'was *Venus* love: That dew, the briny showre,
His coyneffe wept, while strugling yet alive:
Now he repents, and gladly would revive,
By th' vertue of your chaste and powerfull charmes,
To play the modest wanton in your armes.

To CASTARA,

Ventring to walke too farre in the neighbouring wood.

DAre not too farre *Castara*, for the shade
This courteous thicket yeelds, hath man betray'd
A prey to wolves: to the wilde powers oth' wood,
Oft travellers pay tribute with their blood.

If carelesse of thy selfe of me take care,
For like a ship where all the fortunes are
Of an advent'rous merchant; I must be,
If thou should'st perish banquerout in thee.
My feares have mockt me. Tygers when they shall
Behold so bright a face, will humbly fall
In adoration of thee. Fierce they are
To the deform'd, obsequious to the faire.

Yet venter not; tis nobler farre to sway
The heart of man, than beasts, who man obey.


Vpon CASTARA'S departure.

Owes are vaine. No suppliant breath
Stayes the speed of swift-heel'd death.
Life with her is gone and I
Learne but a new way to dye.

See the flowers condole, and all
Wither in my funerall.
The bright Lilly, as if day,
Parted with her, fades away.
Violets hang their heads, and lose
All their beauty. That the Rose
A sad part in sorrow beares,
Witnesse all those dewy teares,
Which as Pearle, or Dymond like,
Swell upon her blushing cheekes.
All things mourne, but oh behold

How the wither'd Marigold
 Clofeth up now ſhe is gone,
 Iudging her the ſetting Sunne.

A Dialogue betweene
Flight and Araphil.

Flight.  Et ſilence cloſe my troubled eyes,
 Thy feare in *Lethe* ſleepe :
 The ſtarres bright cent'nels of the ſkies,
 Watch to ſecure thy ſleepe.

Araph. The Norths unruly ſpirit lay
 In the diſorder'd Seas :
 Make the rude Winter calme as *May*,
 And give a lover eaſe.

Flight. Yet why ſhould feare with her pale charmes,
 Bewitch thee ſo to grieſe ?
 Since it prevents n' infuing harmes,
 Nor yeelds the paſt reliefe.

Araph. And yet ſuch horror I ſuſtaine
 As the ſad veſſell, when
 Rough tempeſts have incenſt the *Maine*,
 Her Harbor now in ken.

Flight. No conqueſt weares a glorious wreath
 Which dangers not obtaine :
 Let tempeſts 'gainſt thee ſhipwracke breathe,
 Thou ſhalt thy harbour gaine.

Araph. Truths *Delphos* doth not ſtill foretell,
 Though *Sol* th' inſpirer be.
 How then ſhould night as blind as hell,
 Enſuing truths fore-ſee ?

Flight. The Sunne yeelds man no conſtant flame.
 One light thoſe Priests inſpires.
 While I though blacke am ſtill the ſame,
 And have ten thouſand fires.

Araph. But those, sayes my propheticke feare,
 As funerall torches burne;
 While thou thy selfe the blackes doſt weare,
 T' attend me to my Vrne.

Right. Thy feares abuse thee, for thoſe lights
 In *Hymens* Church ſhall ſhine,
 When he by th' myſtery of his rites,
 Shall make *Caſlara* thine.

To the Right Honourable, the Lady, E. P.




Our judgement's cleere, not wrinckled with the
 Time,
 On th' humble fate : which cenſures it a crime,
 To be by vertue ruin'd. For I know
 Y're not ſo various as to ebbe and flow
 Ith' ſtreame of fortune, whom each faithleſſe winde
 Diſtracts, and they who made her, fram'd her blinde.
 Poſſeſſion makes us poore. Should we obtaine
 All thoſe bright jems, for which ith' wealthy Maine,
 The tann'd ſlave dives ; or in one boundleſſe cheſt
 Imprison all the treaſures of the Weſt,
 We ſtill ſhould want. Our better part's immence,
 Not like th' inferiour, limited by ſence.
 Rich with a little, mutuall love can liſt
 Vs to a greatneſſe, whether chance or thrift
 E're rais'd her ſervants. For though all were ſpent,
 That can create an *Europe* in content.
 Thus (Madam) when *Caſlara* lends an eare
 Soft to my hope, I Loves Philoſopher,
 Winne on her faith. For when I wondring ſtand
 At th' intermingled beauty of her hand,
 (Higher I dare not gaze) to this bright veine
 I not aſcribe the blood of *Charlemaine*
 Deriv'd by you to her. Or ſay there are
 In that and th'other *Marmion*, *Roffe*, and *Parr*
Fitzhugh, *Saint Quintin*, and the reſt of them
 That adde ſuch luſtre to great *Pembrokes* ſtem.


My love is envious. Would *Castara* were
 The daughter of some mountaine cottager,
 Who with his toile worne out, could dying leave
 Her no more dowre, than what she did receive
 From bounteous nature. Her would I then lead
 To th' Temple, rich in her owne wealth ; her head
 Crown'd with her haire faire treasure ; diamonds in
 Her brighter eyes ; soft Ermines in her skin ;
 Each Indie in each cheek. Then all who vaunt,
 That fortune, them t' enrich, made others want,
 Should set themselves out glorious in her stealth,
 And trie if that, could parallel this wealth.

To CASTARA.

Departing upon the approach of Night.

 Hat should we feare *Castara*? The coole aire,
 That's falne in love, and wanton in thy haire,
 Will not betray our whispers. Should I steale
 A Nectar'd kisse, the wind dares not reveale
 The pleasure I possesse. The wind conspires
 To our blest interview, and in our fires
 Bath's like a Salamander, and doth sip,
 Like *Bacchus* from the grape, life from thy lip.
 Nor thinke of nights approach. The worlds great eye
 Though breaking Natures law, will us supply
 With his still flaming lampe : and to obey
 Our chaste desires, fix here perpetuall day.
 But should he set, what rebell night dares rise,
 To be subdu'd ith' vict'ry of thy eyes?

An Apparition.

 Ore welcome my *Castara*, then was light
 I'o the disordered Chaos. O what bright
 Andnimble chariot brought thee through the aire?
 While the amazed stars to see so faire

And pure a beauty from the earth arise,
 Chang'd all their glorious bodies into eyes.
 O let my zealous lip print on thy hand
 The story of my love, which there shall stand
 A bright inscription to be read by none,
 But who as I love thee, and love but one.

Why vanish you away? Or is my sense
 Deluded by my hope? O sweete offence
 Of erring nature! And would heaven this had
 Beene true; or that I thus were ever mad.

¹*To the Honourable Mr. W^m. E.*

HEe who is good is happy. Let the loude
 Artillery of Heaven breake through a cloude
 And dart its thunder at him; hee'le remaine
 Vnmov'd, and nobler comfort entertaine
 In welcomming th' approach of death; then vice
 Ere found in her fictitious Paradise.
 Time mocks our youth, and (while we number past
 Delights, and raise our appetite to taste
 Ensuing) brings us to unflattered age.
 Where we are left to fatisfie the rage
 Of threatning Death: Pompe, beauty, wealth, and all
 Our friendships, shrinking from the funerall.
 The thought of this begets that brave disdain
 With which thou view'st the world and makes those vaine
 Treasures of fancy, serious fooles so court,
 And sweat to purchase, thy contempt or sport.
 What should we covet here? Why interpose
 A cloud twixt us and heaven? Kind Nature chose
 Mansouleth' Exchequer where she'd hoord her wealth,
 And lodge all her rich secrets; but by th' stealth
 Of our owne vanity, w're left so poore,
 The creature meerely sensuall knowes more.
 The learn'd *Halcyon* by her wisedome finds
 A gentle season, when the seas and winds

¹ *To the Honourable my most honoured friend, W^m. E. Esquire. 1635.*

Are silenc't by a calme, and then brings forth
 The happy miracle of her rare birth,
 Leaving with wonder all our arts possest,
 That view the architecture of her nest.
 Pride raiseth us 'bove justice. We bestowe
 Increase of knowledge on old minds, which grow
 By age to dotage : while the sensitive
 Part of the World in it's first strength doth live.
 Folly? what dost thou in thy power containe
 Deserves our study? Merchants plough the maine
 And bring home th' Indies, yet aspire to more,
 By avarice in the possession poore.
 And yet that Idoll wealth we all admit
 Into the soules great temple. Busie wit
 Invents new Orgies, fancy frames new rites
 To show it's superstition, anxious nights
 Are watcht to win its favour : while the beast
 Content with Natures courtesie doth rest.
 Let man then boast no more a soule, since he
 Hath lost that great prerogative. But thee
 (Whom Fortune hath exempted from the heard
 Of vulgar men, whom vertue hath prefer'd
 Farre higher than thy birth) I must commend,
 Rich in the purchase of so sweete a friend.
 And though my fate conducts me to the shade
 Of humble quiet, my ambition payde
 With safe content, while a pure Virgin fame
 Doth raise me trophies in *Castara's* name.
 No thought of glory swelling me above
 The hope of being famed for vertuous love.
 Yet wish I thee, guided by the better starres
 To purchase unsafe honour in the warres
 Or envied smiles at court ; for thy great race,
 And merits, well may challenge th' highest place.
 Yet know, what busie path so-ere you tread
 To greatnesse, you must sleepe among the dead.

To CASTARA,
The vanity of Avarice.



Arke? how the traytor wind doth court
 The Saylor to the maine;
 To make their avarice his sport?
 A tempest checks the fond disdaine,
 They beare a safe though humble port.

Wee'le fit my love upon the shore,
 And while proud billowes rise
 To warre against the skie, speake ore
 Our Loves so sacred misteries.
 And charme the Sea to th' calme it had before

Where's now my pride t' extend my fame
 Where ever statues are?
 And purchase glory to my name
 In the smooth court or rugged warre?
 My love hath layd the Devill, I am tame.

I'de rather like the violet grow
 Vnmarkt i'th shaded vale,
 Then on the hill those terrors know
 Are breath'd forth by an angry gale,
 There is more pompe above, more sweete below.

Love, thou divine Philosopher
 (While covetous Landlords rent,
 And Courtiers dignity preferre)
 Instruets us to a sweete content,
 Greatnesse it selfe, doth in it selfe interre.

Castara, what is there above
 The treasures we possesse?
 We two are all and one, wee move
 Like starres in th' orbe of happinesse.
 All blessings are Epitomiz'd in Love.

*To my [most] honoured Friend and
Kinsman, R. St., Esquire.*

TH shall not grieve me (friend) though what I write
Be held no wit at Court. If I delight
So farre my fullen Genius, as to raise
It pleasure; I have money, wine, and bayes
Enough to crowne me Poet. Let those wits,
Who teach their Muse the art of Parasits
To win on easie greatnesse; or the yongue
Spruce Lawyer who's all impudence and tongue
Sweat to divulge their fames: thereby the one
Gets fees; the other hyre, I'me best vnknowne:
Sweet silence I embrace thee, and thee Fate
Which didst my birth so wisely moderate;
That I by want am neither vilified,
Nor yet by riches flatter'd into pride.
Resolve me friend (for it must folly be
Or else revenge 'gainst niggard Destinie,
That makes some Poets raile?) Why are their times
So sleept in gall? Why so obrayde the times?
As if no sin call'd downe heav'ns vengeance more
Then cause the world leaves some few writers poore?
Tis true, that *Chapmans* reverend ashes must
Lye rudely mingled with the vulgar dust,
Cause carefull heyers the wealthy onely have;
To build a glorious trouble o're the grave.
Yet doe I not despaire, some one may be
So seriously devout to Poesie
As to translate his reliques, and finde roome
In the warme Church, to build him up a tombe.
Since *Spencer* hath a Stone; and *Draytons* browes
Stand petrified ith' wall, with Laurell bowes
Yet girt about; and nigh wife *Henries* herse,
Old *Chaucer* got a Marble for his verse.
So courteous is Death; Death Poets brings
So high a pompe, to lodge them with their Kings:
Yet still they mutiny. If this man please
His silly Patron with Hyperboles.

Or most mysterious non-sence, give his braine
 But the strapado in some wanton straine ;
 Hee'le sweare the State lookes not on men of parts
 And, if but mention'd, slight all other Arts.
 Vaine ostentation ! Let us set so just
 A rate on knowledge, that the world may trust
 The Poets Sentence, and not still aver
 Each Art is to it selfe a flatterer.
 I write to you Sir on this theame, because
 Your soule is cleare, and you observe the lawes,
 Of Poesie so justly, that I chuse
 Yours onely the example to my muse.
 And till my browner haire be mixt with gray
 Without a blush, Ile tread the sportive way,
 My Muse direct ; A Poet youth may be,
 But age doth dote without Phisosophie.

To the World.
The Perfection of Love.




YOu who are earth, and cannot rise
 Above your sence,
 Boasting the envyed wealth which lyes
 Bright in your Mistris lips or eyes,
 Betray a pittied eloquence.
 That which doth joyne our soules, so light
 And quicke doth move.
 That like the Eagle in his flight,
 It doth transcend all humane fight,
 Lost in the element of Love.
 You Poets reach not this, who sing
 The praise of dust
 But kneaded, when by thett you bring
 The rose and Lilly from the Spring
 T^e adorne the wrinckled face of lust.
 When we speake Love, nor art, nor wit
 We glosse vpon :
 Our soules engender, and beget
Idaas, which you counterfeist
 In your dull *progagation*.

While Time, seven ages shall disperse,
 Wee'le talke of Love,
 And when our tongues hold no commerse.
 Our thoughts shall mutually conuerse.
 And yet the blood no rebell prove.

And though we be of severall kind
 Fit for offence:
 Yet are we so by Love refin'd,
 From impure drosse we are all mind.
 Death could not more have conquer'd sence.


How suddenly those flames expire
 Which scorch our clay?
Prometheas-like when we steale fire
 From heaven 'tis endlesse and intire
 It may know age, but not decay.

To the Winter.

 Hy dost thou looke so pale, decrepit man?
 Why doe thy cheeks curl like the Ocean,
 Into such furrowes? Why dost thou appeare
 So shaking, like an ague to the yeare?

The Sunne is gone. But yet *Castara* staves,
 And will adde stature to thy Pigmy dayes,
 Warme moysture to thy veynes: her smile can bring
 Thee the sweet youth, and beauty of the Spring.
 Hence with thy palsie then, and on thy head
 Weare flowrie chaplets as a bridegroom led
 To th' holy Fane. Banish thy aged ruth,
 That Virgins may admire and court thy youth.
 And the approaching Sunne when she shall finde
 A Spring without him, fall, since uselesse, blinde.

Vpon a visit to CASTARA in the Night.

 'Was Night: when *Phæbe* guided by thy rayes,
 Chaste as my zeale, with incence of her praise,
 I humbly crept to my *Castara's* shrine.
 But oh my fond mistake! for there did shine

A noone of beauty, with such lustre crown'd,
 As shewd 'mong th' impious onely night is found.
 It was her eyes which like two Diamonds shin'd,
 Brightest ith' dark. Like which could th' Indian find,
 But one among his rocks, he would out vie
 In brightnesse all the Diamonds of the Skie.
 But when her lips did ope, the Phoenix nest
 Breath'd forth her odours; where might *Love* once feast,
 Hee'd loath his heavenly surfets: if we dare
 Affirme, *Love* hath a heaven without my faire.

TO CASTARA,
Of the chastity of his Love.

WHy would you blush *Castara*, when the name
 Of love you heare? Who never felt his flame,
 Ith' shade of melancholly night doth stray,
 A blind Cymmerian banisht from the day.
 Let's chafly love *Castara*, and not foyle
 This Virgin lampe, by powring in the oyle
 Of impure thoughts. O let us sympathize,
 And onely talke ith' language of our eyes,
 Like two starres in conjunction. But beware
 Lest th' Angels who of love compacted are,
 Viewing how chafly burnes thy zealous fire,
 Should snatch thee hence, to joyne thee to their quire.
 Yet take thy flight: on earth for surely we
 So joyn'd, in heaven cannot divided be.

The Description of CASTARA.

LIke the Violet which alone
 Prospers in some happy shade;
 My *Castara* lives vnknowne,
 To no loofer eye betray'd.
 For shee's to her selfe untrue,
 Who delights ith' publicke view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
 Have enricht with borrowed grace.
 Her high birth no pride imparts,
 For she blushes in her place.

Folly boasts a glorious blood,
 She is noblest being good.

Cautious she knew never yet
 What a wanton courtship meant :
 Not speaks loud to boast her wit,
 In her silence eloquent.

Of her selfe survey she takes,
 But 'twene men no difference makes.

She obeyes with speedy will
 Her grave Parents wise commands.
 And so innocent, that ill,
 She nor acts, nor understands.

Womens feete runne still astray.
 If once to ill they know the way.

She failes by that rocke, the Court,
 Where oft honour splits her maist :
 And retir'dnesse thinks the port,
 Where her fame may anchor cast.

Vertue safely cannot fit,
 Where vice is enthron'd for wit.

She holds that dayes pleasure best,
 Where sinne waits not on delight.
 Without maske, or ball, or feast,
 Sweetly spends a winters night.

O're that darknesse, whence is thrust,
 Prayer and sleepe oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climbe,
 While wild passions captive lie.
 And each article of time,
 Her pure thoughts to heaven flie :

All her vows religious be,
 And her love she vows to me.

FINIS.



CASTARA

The Second part.

*Vatumque lascivos triumphos,
Calcat Amor, pede conjugali.*



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A Wife.



Shee sweetest part in the harmony of our being. To the love of which, as the charmes of Nature inchant us, so the law of grace by speciall priviledge invites us. Without her, Man if piety not restraine him; is the creator of sinne; or, if an innated cold render him not onely the busynesse of the present age; the murderer of posterity. Shee is so religious that every day crownes her a martyr, and her zeale neither rebellious nor uncivill. Shee is so true a friend, her Husband may to her communicate even his ambitions, and if succeffe Crowne not expectation, remaine neverthelesse uncondemned. Shee is colleague with him in the Empire of prosperity; and a safe retyring place when adversity exiles him from the World. Shee is so chaste, she never understood the language lust speakes in, nor with a smile applaudes it, although there appeare wit in the Metaphore. Shee is faire onely to winne on his affections, nor would she be Mistris of the most eloquent beauty; if there were danger, that might perswade the passionate auditory, to the least irregular thought. Shee is noble by a long descent, but her memory is so evill a herald, shee never boasts the story of her Ancestors. Shee is so moderately rich, that the defect of portion doth neither bring penury to his estate, nor the superfluity licence her to Riot. Shee is liberall, and yet owes not ruine to vanity, but knowes Charity, to be the

soule of goodnesse, and Vertue without reward often prone to bee her own destroyer. Shee is much at home, and when she visites 'tis for mutuall commerce, not for intelligence. Shee can goe to Court, and returne no passionate doater on bravery; and when shee hath seene the gay things muster up themselves there, she considers them as Cobwebs the Spider vanity hath spunne. Shee is so generall in her acquaintance, that shee is familiar with all whom fame speakes vertuous; but thinks there can bee no friendship but with one; and therefore hath neither shee friend nor private servant. Shee so squares her passion to her Husbands fortunes, that in the Countrey shee lives without a froward Melancholly, in the towne without a fantastique pride. She is so temperate, she never read the modern pollicie of glorious surfeits; since she finds Nature is no Epicure if art provoke her not by curiositie. Shee is inquisitive onely of new wayes to please him, and her wit sayles by no other compasse then that of his direction. Shee lookes upon him as Conjurers upon the Circle, beyond which there is nothing but Death and Hell; and in him shee beleeves Paradise circumscrib'd. His vertues are her wonder and imitation; and his errors, her credulitie thinks no more frailtie, then makes him descend to the title of Man. In a word, shee so lives that she may dye; and leave no cloude upon her Memory, but have her character nobly mentioned: while the bad Wife is flattered into infamy, and buyes pleasure at too deare a rate, if shee onely payes for it Repentance.

The Second Part.

To CASTARA,

Now possesst of her in marriage.



His day is ours. The marriage Angell now
Sees th' Altar in the odour of our vow,
Yeeld a more precious breath, then that which
moves

The whispring leaves in the *Panchayan* groves.
View how his temples shine, on which he weares
A wreath of pearle, made of those precious teares
Thou wepst a Virgin, when crosse winds did blow,
Our hopes disturbing in their quiet flow.
But now *Castara* smile, No envious night
Dares enterpose it selfe, t'ecclipse the light
Of our cleare joyes. For even the lawes divine
Permit our mutuall love¹ so to entwine,
That Kings, to ballance true content, shall say;
Would they were great as we, we blest as they,

To CASTARA,

Vpon the mutuall love of their Majesties.



Id you not see, *Castara*, when the King
Met his lov'd Queene; what sweetnesse she
did bring [flame

T' encounter his brave heat; how great a
From their breasts meeting, on the sudden came?
The Stoike, who all easie passion flies,
Could he but heare the language of their eyes,
As heresies would from his faith remove
The tenets of his sect, and practise love.
The barb'rous nations which supply the earth
With a promiscuous and ignoble birth,

Would by his precedent correct their life,
 Each wisely chuse, and chastely love a wife.
 1 Princes example is a law. Then we
 If loyall subjects, must true lovers be.

To Zephirus.



Hose whispers soft as those which lovers breath
Castara and my selfe I here bequeath
 To the calme wind. For heaven such joyes
 afford

To her and me, that there can be no third.
 And you kinde starres, be thrifter of your light:
 Her eyes supply your office with more bright
 And constant lustre. Angels guardians, like
 The nimbler ship boyes shall be joy'd to strike
 Or hoist up saile; Nor shall our vessell move
 By Card or Compasse, but a heavenly love.
 The courtesie of this more prosperous gale
 Shall swell our Canvas, and wee'le swiftly saile
 To some blest Port, where ship hath never lane
 At anchor, whose chaste soule no foot prophane
 Hath ever trod; Where nature doth dispence
 Her infant wealth, a beautilous innocence.
 Pompe (even a burthen to it selfe) nor Pride,
 (The Magistrate of finnes) did e're abide
 On that so sacred earth. Ambition ne're,
 Built for the sport of ruine, fabrickes there.
 Thence age and death are exil'd, all offence
 And feare expell'd, all noyse and faction thence.
 A silence there so melancholly sweet,
 That none but whispring Turtles ever meet.
 Thus Paradise did our first Parents woove,
 To harmeleffe sweets, at first posselt by two.
 And o're this second, wee'le usurpe the throne;
Castara, wee'le obey and rule alone.
 For the rich vertue of this soyle I feare,
 Would be depraved, should but a third be there.

To CASTARA
in a Trance.

Forsake me not so soone. *Castara* stay,
And as I breake the prison of my clay,
Ile fill the Canvas with m'expiring breath,
And with thee saile o're the vast maine of
Some Cherubin thus as we passe shall play. [death.
Goe happy twins of love; The courteous Sea
Shall smoothe her wrinkled brow: the winds shal sleep,
Or onely whisper musicke to the deepe.
Every ungentle rocke shall melt away,
The Syrens sing to please, not to betray.
Th' indulgent skie shall smile: each starry quire
Contend, which shall afford the brighter fire.
While Love the Pilot, steeres his course so even,
Ne're to cast anchor till we reach at Heaven.

To DEATH.
CASTARA being sicke.

Hence prophane grim man, nor dare
To approach so neere my faire.
Marble vaults, and gloomy caves,
Church-yards, Charnell houses, graves,
Where the living loath to be,
Heaven hath design'd to thee.
But it needs 'mongst us thou'lt rage,
Let thy fury feed on age.
Wrinkled browes, and withered thighs,
May supply thy sacrifice.
Yet perhaps as thou flew'st by,
A flamed dart shot from her eye,
Sing'd thy wings with wanton fire,
Whence th' art forc't to hover nigh her.
If Love so mistooke his aime,

Gently welcome in the flame :
 They who loath'd thee, when they see
 Where thou harbor'st, will love thee.
 Onely I, such is my fate,
 Must thee as a rivall hate,
 Court her gently, learne to prove,
 Nimble in the thefts of love.
 Gaze on th' errors of her haire :
 Touch her lip ; but oh beware,
 Lest too ravenous of thy blisse,
 Thou shouldst murder with a kisse.

To CASTARA.

Inviting her to sleepe.



Leepe my *Castara*, silence doth invite
 Thy eyes to close up day; though envious night
 Grieves Fate should her the sight of them debarre,
 For she is exil'd, while they open are.
 Rest in thy peace secure. With drowisie charmes,
 Kinde sleepe bewitcheth thee into her armes ;
 And finding where Loves chiefeft treasure lies,
 Is like a theefe stole under thy bright eyes.
 Thy innocence rich as the gaudy quilt
 Wrought by the Persian hand, thy dreames from guilt
 Exempted, heaven with sweete repose doth crowne
 Each vertue, softer then the Swans fam'd downe.
 As exorcists wild spirits mildly lay,
 May sleepe thy fever calmely chase away.

Upon CASTARA'S recoverie.



He is restor'd to life. Vnthrifty Death,
 Thy mercie in permitting vitall breath
 Backe to *Castara*, hath enlarg'd us all,
 Whome grieve had martyrd in her funerall.
 While others in the ocean of their teares,

Had sinking, wounded the beholders eares,
 With exclamations: I without a grone,
 Had suddenly congeal'd into a stone:
 There stood a statue, till the generall doome;
 Had ruin'd time and memory with her tombe.
 While in my heart, which marble, yet still bled,
 Each Lover might this Epitaph have read.
 "Her earth lyes here below; her soul's above,
 "This wonder speakes her vertue, and my love."

To a Friend,

Inviting him to a meeting upon promise.

MAy you drinke beare, or that adult'rate wine
 Which makes the zeale of *Amsterdam* divine;
 If you make breach of promise. I have now
 So rich a Sacke, that even your selfe will bow
 T'adore my *Genius*. Of this wine should *Prynne*
 Drinke but a plenteous glasse, he would beginne
 A health to *Shakespeares* ghost, But you may bring
 Some excuse forth, and answer me, the King
 To day will give you audience, or that on
 Affaires of state, you and some serious Don
 Are to resolve; or else perhaps you'll sin
 So farre, as to leave word y'ar not within.


The least of these, will make me only thinke
 Him subtle, who can in his closet drinke
 Drunke even alone, and thus made wise create
 As dangerous plots as the Low Countrey state,
 Projecting for such baits, as shall draw ore
 To *Holland*, all the herrings from our shore.

But y'are too full of candour; and I know
 Will sooner stones at *Sals'burg* casements throw,
 Or buy up for the silenc'd Levits, all
 The rich impropriations, then let pall
 So pure Canary, and breake such an oath:
 Since charity is sinn'd against in both.


Come therefore blest even in the Lollards zeale,
 Who canst with conscience safe, 'fore hen and veale
 Say grace in Latine ; while I faintly sing
 A Penitential verse in oyle and Ling.
 Come then, and bring with you prepar'd for fight,
 Vnmixt Canary, Heaven send both prove right !
 This I am sure : My sacke will disingage
 All humane thoughts, inspire so high a rage,
 That *Hypocrene* shall henceforth Poets lacke,
 Since more Enthusiastimes are in my sacke.
 Heightned with which, my raptures shall commend,
 How good *Castara* is, how deare my friend.

To CASTARA.

Where true happinesse abides.

 *Castara* whisper in some deads mans eare,
 This subtilt *quare*; and hee'le point out where,
 By answers negatiue, true joyes abide.
 Hee'le say they flow not on th' uncertaine tide
 Of greatnesse, they can no firme basis have,
 Vpon the trepidation of a wave.
 Nor lurke they in the caverns of the earth,
 Whence all the wealthy minerals draw their birth,
 To covetous man so fatall. Nor ith' grace
 Love they to wanton of a brighter face,
 For th'are above Times battery ; and the light
 Of beauty, ages cloud will soone be night.
 If among these Content, he thus doth prove,
 Hath no abode ; where dwels it but in Love ?

To CASTARA.

 Orsake with me the earth, my faire,
 And travell nimbly through the aire,
 Till we have reacht th' admiring skies;
 Then lend sight to those heavenly eyes
 Which blind themselves, make creatures see.
 And taking view of all, when we

Shall finde a pure and glorious spheare ;
 Wee'le fix like starres for ever there.
 Nor will we still each other view,
 Wee'le gaze on lesser starres then you ;
 See how by their weake influence they,
 The strongest of mens actions sway.
 In an inferiour orbe below,
 Wee'le see *Calisto* loosely throw
 Her haire abroad : as she did weare,
 The self-same beauty in a Beare,
 As when she a cold Virgin stood,
 And yet inflam'd *Ioves* lustfull blood.
 Then looke on *Lede*, whose faire beames
 By their reflection guild those streames,
 Where first unhappy she began
 To play the wanton with a Swan.
 If each of these loose beauties are
 Transform'd to a more beauteous starre
 By the adult'rous lust of *Iove* ;
 Why should not we, by purer love ?

*To C A S T A R A,
 Vpon the death of a Lady.*



Astara weepe not, though her tombe appeare
 Sometime thy griefe to answer with a teare :
 The marble will but wanton with thy woe.
 Death is the Sea, and we like Rivers flow
 To lose our selves in the insatiate Maine,
 Whence Rivers may, she¹ ne're returne againe.
 Nor grieve this Christall streame so soone did fall
 Into the Ocean ; since she perfum'd all
 The banks she past, so that each neighbour field
 Did sweete flowers cherish by her watring, yeeld.
 Which now adorne her Hearse. The violet there
 On her pale cheeke doth the sad livery weare,
 Which heavens compassion gave her ; And since she
 Cause cloath'd in purple can no mourner be,
 As incense to the tombe she gives her breath,

And fading, on her Lady waits in death.
 Such office the Ægyptian handmaids did
 Great *Cleopatra*, when she dying chid
 The Asps flow venome, trembling she should be
 By Fate rob'd even of that blacke victory.
 The flowers instruct our sorrowes. Come then all
 Ye beauties, to true beauties funerall,
 And with her, to increafe deaths pompe, decay.
 Since the supporting fabricke of your clay
 Is false, how can ye stand? How can the night
 Shew stars, when Fate puts out the dayes great light?
 But 'mong the faire, if there live any yet,
 She's but the fairer *Digbies* counterfeit.
 Come you who speake your titles. Reade in this
 Pale booke, how vaine a boast your greatnesse is.
 What's honour but a hatchment? what is here
 Of *Percy* left, and *Stanly*, names most deare
 To vertue? but a crescent turn'd to th' wane,
 An Eagle groaning o're an infant flaine?
 Or what avails her, that she once was led,
 A glorious bride to valiant *Digbies* bed,
 Since death hath them divorc'd? If then alive
 There are, who these sad obsequies survive
 And vaunt a proud descent, they onely be
 Loud heralds to set forth her pedigree.
 Come all who glory in your wealth, and view
 The embleme of your frailty. How untrue
 (Though flattering like friends) your treasures are,
 Her Fate hath taught¹: who, when what ever rare
 The either Indies boast, lay richly spread
 For her to weare, lay on her pillow dead.
 Come likewise my *Castara* and behold,
 What blessings ancient prophesie foretold,
 Bestow'd on her in death. She past away
 So sweetely from the world, as if her clay
 Laid onely downe to slumber. Then forbear
 To let on her blest ashes fall a teare.
 But if th' art too much woman, softly weepe,
 Left griefe disturbe the silence of her sleepe.

¹ Her Fate hath taught you : who, when what ever rare. 1634, 1635.

*To CASTARA,
Being to take a journey.*



Hat's death more than departure; the dead go
Like travelling exiles, compell'd to know
Those regions they heard mention of: 'Tis th' art
Of sorrowes, sayes, who dye doe but depart.
Then weepe thy funerall teares: which heaven t'adorne
The beauteous tresses of the weeping morne,
Will rob me of: and thus my tombe shall be
As naked, as it had no obsequie.
Know in these lines, sad musicke to thy eare,
My sad *Castara*, you the sermon here
Which I preach o're my hearse: And dead, I tell
My owne lives story, ring but my owne knell.
But when I shall returne, know 'tis thy breath
In sighes divided, rescues me from death.

*To CASTARA,
Weeping.*



Astara! O you are too prodigall
Oth' treasure of your teares; which thus let fall
Make no returne: well plac'd calme peacemight
bring
To the loud wars, each free a captiv'd King.
So the unskilfull Indian those bright jems,
Which might adde majestie to Diadems,
'Mong the waves scatters, as if he would store
The thanklesse Sea, to make our Empire poore.
When heaven darts thunder at the wombe of Time,
Cause with each moment it brings forth a crime,
Or else despairing to roote out abuse,
Would ruine vitious earth; be then profuse.
Light, chas'd rude chaos from the world before,
Thy teares, by hindring it's returne, worke more,

To CASTARA.

Vpon a sigh.

H Heard a sigh, and something in my eare
 Did whisper, what my soule before did feare.
 That it was breath'd by thee. May th'easie Spring
 Enricht with odours, wanton on the wing
 Of th' Easterne wind, may ne're his beauty fade,
 If he the treasure of this breath convey'd;
 'Twas thine by 'th musicke which th' harmonious breath
 Of Swans is like, propheticke in their death:
 And th' odour, for as it the nard expires,
 Perfuming Phoenix-like his funerall fires.
 The winds of Paradise fend such a gale,
 To make the Lovers vessels calmly faile
 To his lov'd Port. This shall, where it inspires,
 Increase the chaste, extinguish unchaste fires.


To the Right Honourable the Lady F.

Madam.

Y Ou saw our loves, and prais'd the mutuall flame:
 In which as incense to your sacred name
 Burnes a religious zeale. May we be lost
 To one another, and our fire be frost;
 When we omit to pay the tribute due
 To worth and vertue, and in them to you:
 Who are the soule of women. Others be
 But beauteous parts oth' female body; she
 Who boasts how many nimble *Cupids* skip
 Through her bright face, is but an eye or lip:
 The other who in her soft breasts can shew
 Warne Violets growing in a banke of snow,
 And vaunts the lovely wonder, is but skin:
 Nor is she but a hand, who holds within

The chryftall viol of her wealthy palme,
 The precious sweating of the Easterne balme.
 And all these if you them together take,
 And joyne with art, will but one body make,
 To which the soule each vitall motion gives;
 You are infus'd into it, and it lives.
 But should you up to your blest mansion flie,
 How loath'd an object would the carkasse lie?
 You are all mind. *Castara* when she lookes,
 On you th' Epitome of all, that bookes
 Or e're tradition taught; who gives such praise
 Vnto your sex, that now even customes sayes
 He hath a female soule, who ere hath writ
 Volumes which learning comprehend, and wit.
Castara cries to me; Search out and find
 The Mines of wisdom in her learned mind,
 And trace her steps to honour; I aspire
 Enough to worth, while I her worth admire.

*To CASTARA,
 Against opinion.*

 Hy should we build, *Castara*, in the aire
 Of fraile opinion? Why admire as faire,
 What the weake faith of man gives us for right?
 The jugling world cheats but the weaker fight.
 What is in greatnesse happy? As free mirth,
 As ample pleasures of th' indulgent earth
 We joy, who on the ground our mansion finde,
 As they, who faile like witches in the wind
 Of Court applause. What can their powerfull spell
 Over enchanted man, more than compell
 Him into various formes? Nor serves their charme
 Themselues to good, but to worke others harme.
 Tyrant Opinion but depose. And we
 Will absolute ith' happiest Empire be.

To CASTARA.

Vpon beautie.



Castara, see that dust, the sportive wind
 So wantons with. 'Tis happ'y all you'le finde
 Left of some beauty: and hovv still it flies,
 To trouble, as it did in life, our eyes.
 O empty boast of flesh? Though our heires gild
 The farre fetch Phrigian marble, vvhich shall build
 A burthen to our ashes, yet will death
 Betray them to the sport of every breath.
 Dost thou, poor relique of our frailty, still
 Swell up with glory? Or is it thy skill,
 To mocke weake man, whom every wind of praise
 Into the aire, doth 'bove his center raise.
 If so, mocke on, And tell him that his lust
 To beauty's, madnesse. For it courts but dust.


To CASTARA,

Melancholly.



Ere but that sigh a penitentiall breath
 That thou art mine: It would blow with it death,
 T' inclose me in my marble: Where I'de be
 Slave to the tyrant wormes, to set thee free.
 What should we envy? Though with larger saile
 Some dance upon the Ocean: yet more fraile
 And faithlesse is that wave, than where we glide,
 Blest in the safety of a private tide.
 We still have land in ken. And 'cause our boat
 Dares not affront the weather, wee'le ne're float
 Farre from the shore. To daring them each cloud
 Is big with thunder, every wind speakes loud.
 And though wild rockes about the shore appeare
 Yet vertue will finde roome to anchor there.

A Dialogue betweene
Araphill and Castara.

Araph.  *Castara*, you too fondly court
 The silken peace with which we
 cover'd are,
 Vnquiet time may for his sport,
 Vp from its iron den rowse sleepe warre.

Cast. Then in the language of the drum,
 I will instruct my yet affrighted eare,
 All women shall in me be dumbe;
 If I but with my *Araphill* be there?

Araph. If Fate like an unfaithfull gale,
 Which having vow'd to th'ship a faire event,
 Oth' suddenn rends her hopefull saile;
 Blow ruine; will *Castara* then repent?

Cast. Love shall in that tempestuous showre [show:
 Her brightest blossome like the blacke-thorne
 VVeake friendship prospers by the powre
 Of fortunes Sunne. I'le in her winter grow.

Araph. If on my skin the noysome skar
 I should oth'leprosie, or canker weare;
 Or if the sulph'rous breath of warre [feare?
 Should blast my youth; Should I not be thy

Cast. In flesh may sicknesse horror move,
 But heavenly zeale will be by it refin'd,
 For then wee'd like two Angels love, [mind.
 VVithout a sence; imbrace¹ each others

Araph. VVere it not impious to repine;
 'Gainst rigid Fate I should direct my breath.
 That two must be, whom heaven did joyne
 In such a happy one, disjoyn'd by death.

¹ Without a sence; and clip each others mind. 1634, 1635.

Cast. That's no divorce. Then shall we see [state,
 The rites in life, were types o'th marriage
 Our soules on earth contracted be;
 But they in heaven their nuptials consummate.

¹*To the Right Honourable* HENRY Lord M.
 My Lord.



Y thoughts are not so rugged, nor doth earth
 So farre predominate in me, that mirth
 Lookes not as lovely as when our delight
 First fashion'd wings to adde a nimbler flight
 To lazie time; who would, to have survai'd
 Our varied pleasures, there have ever staid.
 And they were harmeleffe. For obedience
 If frailty yeelds to the wild lawes of fence;
 VVe shall but with a sugred venome meete;
 No pleasure, if not innocent as sweet.
 And that's your choyce: who adde the title good
 To that of noble. For although the blood
 Of *Marshall*, *Stanley*, and '*La Pole* doth flow
 VVith happy *Brandon's* in your veines; you owe
 Your vertue not to them. Man builds alone
 Oth' ground of honour: For desert's our ovvne.
 Be that your ayme. I'le vvith *Castara* fit
 Ith' shade, from heat of businesse. VVhile my vvit
 Is neither big vvith an ambitious ayme,
 To build tall Pyramids Ith' court of fame,
 For after ages, or to win conceit
 Oth' present, and grow in opinion great.
 Rich in our selves, we envy not the East,
 Her rockes of Diamonds, or her gold the West.
Arabia may be happy in the death
 Of her reviving *Phoenix*; In the breath
 Of coole *Favonius*, famous be the grove
 Of *Tempe*; while we in each others love.
 For that let us be fam'd. And when of all
 That Nature made us two, the funerall

¹ *To the Right Honourable, my very good Lord* HENRY Lord M.

Leaves but a little dust; (which then as wed,
 Even after death, shall sleepe still in one bed.)
 The Bride and Bridegroom on the solemne day,
 Shall with warm zeale approach our Vrne, to pay
 Their vows, that heaven should blesse so farre their rites,
 To shew them the faire paths to our delights.

To a Tombe.

TYrant o're tyrants, thou who onely dost
 Clip the lascivious beauty without lust; [sence;
 What horror at thy sight shootes through each
 How powerfull is thy silent eloquence,
 Which never flatters? Thou instruct'st the proud,
 That their swolne pompe is but an empty cloud,
 Slave to each wind. The faire, those flowers they have
 Fresh in their cheeke, are strewd upon a grave.
 Thou tell'st the rich, their Idoll is but earth.
 The vainely pleas'd, that Syren-like their mirth
 Betrayes to mischief, and that onely he
 Dares welcome death, whose aimes at vertue be.
 Which yet more zeale doth to *Castara* move.
 What checks me, when the tombe perswades to love?

To CASTARA.

Vpon thought of Age and Death.

THe breath of time shall blast the flowry Spring,
 Which so perfumes thy cheeke, and with it bring
 So darke a mist, as shall eclipse the light
 Of thy faire eyes, in an eternall night.
 Some melancholly chamber of the earth,
 1 (For that like Time deuoures whom it gave breath)
 Thy beauties shall entombe, while all who ere
 Lov'd nobly, offer up their sorrowes there.
 But I vvhose grieve no formall limits bound,
 Beholding the darke caverne of that ground,
 VVill there immure my selfe. And thus I shall

1 (For she like Time deuoures whom she gave breath)

Thy mourner be, and my ovvne funerall.
 Elfe by the vveeping magicke of my verfe,
 Thou hadst reviv'd, to triumph o're thy hearfe.

¹ *To the Right Honourable, the Lord P.*

My Lord.

THe reverend man by magicke of his prayer
 Hath charm'd so, that I and your daughter are
 Contracted into one. The holy lights
 Smil'd vvith a cheerfull lustre on our rites,
 And every thing presag'd full happinesse
 To mutuall love; if you'le the omen blesse.
 Nor grieve, my Lord, 'tis perfected. Before
 Afflicted Seas fought refuge on the shore
 From the angry Northvvind. Ere th'astonisht Spring
 Heard in the ayre the feather'd people sing,
 Ere time had motion, or the Sunne obtain'd
 His province o're the day, this was ordain'd.
 Nor thinke in her I courted wealth or blood,
 Or more uncertaine hopes: for had I stood
 On th' highest ground of fortune, the world knowne
 No greatnesse but what waited on my throne;
 And she had onely had that face and mind,
 I, with my selfe, had th'earth to her resign'd.
 In vertue there's an Empire. And so sweete
 The rule is when it doth with beauty meete,
 As fellow Confull; that of heaven they
 Nor earth partake; who would her disobey.
 This captiv'd me. And ere I question'd why
 I ought to love *Castara*, through my eye,
 This soft obedience stole into my heart.
 Then found I love might lend to th'quick-ey'd art
 Of Reason yet a purer sight: For he
 Though blind, taught her these Indies first to see,
 In whose possession I at length am blest,
 And with my selfe at quiet, here I rest,
 As all things to my powre subdu'd, To me
 Ther's nought beyond this. The whole world is she.

¹ *To the Right Honorable, my very good Lord, the Lord P.* 1634, 1635.

His Muse speakes to him.

THy vowes are heard, and thy *Castara's* name
 Is writ as faire ith' Register of Fame,
 As th' ancient beauties which translated are
 By Poets vp to heaven; each there a starre.
 And though Imperiall *Tiber* boast alone
Ovids Corinna, and to *Arn* is knowne
 But *Petrarchs Laura*; while our famous Thames
 Doth murmur *Sydneys Stella* to her streames
 Yet hast thou *Severne* left, and she can bring
 As many quires of Swans, as they to sing
 Thy glorious love: Which living shall by thee
 The onely Sov'raigne of those waters be.
 Dead in loves firmament, no starre shall shine
 So nobly faire, so purely chaste as thine.

To Vaine hope.

THou dreame of madmen, ever changing gale,
 Swell with thy wanton breath the gaudy saile
 Of glorious fooles. Thou guid'st them who thee
 court
 To rocks, to quick-sands, or some faithlesse port.
 Were I not mad, who when secure at ease,
 I might ith' Cabbin passe the raging Seas,
 Would like a franticke shipboy wildly haste,
 To climbe the giddy top of th'unfaine mast?
 Ambition never to her hopes did faine
 A greatnesse, but I really obtaine
 In my *Castara*. Wer't not fondnesse then
 T' embrace¹ the shadowes of true blisse? And when
 My Paradife all flowers and fruits both breed:
 To rob a barren garden for a weed?

¹ clip. 1634, 1635.

To CASTARA,

How happy, though in an obscure fortune.

W Ere we by fate throwne downe below our feare;
 Could we be poore? Or question Natures care
 In our provition? She who doth afford
 A feather'd garment fit for every bird,
 And onely voyce enough t'expresse delight.
 She who apparels Lillies in their white,
 As if in that she'de teach mans duller sence,
 Wh'are highest, should be so in innocence.
 She who in damaske doth attire the Rose,
 (And man t'himselfe a mockery to propose,
 'Mong whom the humblest Iudges grow to sit)
 She who in purple cloathes the Violet:
 If thus she cares for things even voyd of sence;
 Shall we suspect in us her providence?

To CASTARA.

W Hat can the freedome of our love enthrall?
Castara were we dispossesst of all
 The gifts of fortune; richer yet than she
 Can make her slaves, wee'd in each other be.
 Love in himselfe's a world. If we should have
 A mansion but in some forsaken cave;
 Wee'd smoothe misfortune: and our selves thinke then
 Retir'd like Princes from the noise of men,
 To breath a while unflatter'd. Each wild beast,
 That should the silence of our cell infect,
 With clamor, seeking prey; Wee'd fancie were
 Nought but an avaritious Courtier.
 VVealth's but opinion. VVho thinks others more
 Of treasures have, than we, is¹ onely poore.

¹ he's. 1634.

*On the death of the Right Honourable,
G E O R G E Earle of S.*

Right Saint, thy pardon, if my sadder verse,
Appeare in sighing o're thy glorious hearse,
To envie heaven. For fame it selfe now weares
Griefes Livery, and onely speaks in teares.

And pardon you *Cassara*, if a while
Your memory I banish from my stile;
VVhen I have payd his death the tribute due,
Of sorrow, I'll returne to Love and you.
Is there a name like *Talbot*, which a shewre
Can force from every eye? And hath even powre
To alter natures course? How else should all
Runne wilde with mourning, and distracted fall:
Th' illiterate vulgar in a well tun'd breath,
Lament their losse, and learnedly chide death,
For its¹ bold rape, while the sad Poets song
Is yet unheard, as if grieve had no tongue.
Th'amaz'd marriner having lost his way
In the tempestuous defart of the Sea,
Lookes vp but findes no starres. They all conspire
To darke themselves, t'enlighten this new fire.
The learn'd Astronomer with daring eye,
Searching to tracke the Spheres through which you flie,
(Most beauteous soule) doth in his journey faile,
And blushing, fayer, the subtlest art is fraile,
And but truths counterfet. Your flight doth teach,
Faire Vertue hath an Orbe beyond his reach.

But I grow dull with sorrow. Vnkinde Fate
To play the tyrant and subvert the state
Of settled goodnesse. Who shall henceforth stand
A pure example to enforme the Land
Of her loose riot²? Who shall counter-checke
The wanton pride of greatnesse; and direct
Straid honour in the true magnificke way?

¹ his. 1634, 1635.

² wit. 1634.

Whose life shall shew what triumph 'tis t'obey
 The hard commands of reason? And how sweet
 The nuptials are, when wealth and learning meet?
 Who will with silent piety confute
 Atheisticke Sophistry, and by the fruite
 Approve Religions tree? Who'le teach his blood
 A Virgin law and dare be great and good?
 Who will despise his stiles? And nobly weigh
 In judgements ballance, that his honour'd clay
 Hath no advantage by them? Who will live
 So innocently pious, as to give
 The world no scandall? Who'le himself deny,
 And to warme passion a cold martyr dye?
 My grieve distracts me. If my zeale hath said,
 What checks the living; know I serve the dead.
 The dead, who needs no monumentall vaults,
 With his pale ashes to intombe his faults.
 Whose sins beget no libels, whom the poore
 For benefit; for worth, the rich adore.
 Who liv'd a solitary Phoenix free
 From the commerce with mischief, joy'd to be
 Still gazing heaven-ward, where his thoughts did move,
 Fed with the sacred fire of zealous love.
 Alone he flourish't, 'till the fatal houre
 Did summon him, when gathering from each flowre
 Their vertuous odours, from his perfum'd nest,
 He tooke his flight to everlasting rest.
 There shine great Lord, and with propitious eyes,
 Looke downe, and smile upon this sacrifice.

To my worthy Cousin Mr. E. C.
In praise of the City life, in the long Vacation.



Like the greene plush which your meadows weare;
 I praise your pregnant fields, which duly beare
 Their wealthy burden to th'industrious Bore.
 Nor doe I disallow that who are poore

In minde and fortune, thither should retire :
 But hate that he who's warme with 'holy fire
 Of any knowledge, and 'mong-us may feast
 On Nectar'd wit, should turne himselfe t' a beast,
 And graze ith' Country. Why did nature wrong
 So much her paines, as to give you a tongue
 And fluent language ; If converse you hold
 With Oxen in the stall, and sheep ith' fold ?
 But now it's long Vacation you will say
 The towne is empty, and who ever may
 To th' pleasure of his Country home repaire,
 Flyes from th' infection of our *London* aire.
 In this your errour. Now's the time alone
 To live here ; when the City Dame is gone,
 T' her house at *Brandford* ; for beyond that she
 Imagines there's no land, but *Barbary*,
 Where lies her husbands Factor. When from hence
 Rid is the Country Iustice whose non-sence
 Corrupted had the language of the Inne,
 Where he and his horse litter'd : We beginne
 To live in silence, when the noyse oth' Bench
 Not deafens *Westminster*, nor corrupt French
 Walkes *Fleet-street* in her gowne. Ruffes of the Barre,
 By the Vacations powre translated are,
 To Cut-worke bands. And who were busie here,
 Are gone to sow sedition in the shire.
 The aire by this is purg'd, and the Termes strife,
 Thus fled the City : we the civill life
 Lead happily. When in the gentle way,
 Of noble mirth, I have the long liv'd day,
 Contracted to a moment : I retire.
 To my *Castara*, and meet such a fire
 Of mutuall love : that if the City were
 Infected, that would purifie the ayre.

Loves Aniversarie
To the Sunne.

THou art return'd (great Light) to that blest houre
 In which I first by marriage, sacred power,
 Ioyn'd with *Cassara* hearts: And as the same
 Thy lustre is, as then, so is our flame:
 Which had increast, but that by loves decree,
 'Twas such at first, it ne're could greater be.
 But tell me (glorious Lampe) in thy survey,
 Of things below thee, what did not decay
 By age to weaknesse? I since that have seene
 The Rose bud forth and fade, the tree grow greene
 And wither, and the beauty of the field
 With Winter wrinkled. Even thy selfe dost yeeld
 Something to time, and to thy grave fall nigher.
 But vertuous love is one sweet endlesse fire.

Against them who lay unchastity to
the sex of Women.

They meet but with unwholesome Springs,
 And Summers which infectious are:
 They heare but when the Mermaid sings,
 And onely see the falling starre:
 Who ever dare,
 Affirme no woman chaste and faire.

Goe cure your feavers: and you'll say
 The Dog-dayes scorch not all the yeare:
 In Copper Mines no longer stay,
 But travell to the West, and there
 The right ones see:
 And grant all gold's not Alchimie.

What mad man 'cause the glow-wormes flame
 Is cold, sweares there's no warmth in fire?
 Cause some make forfeit of their name,

And slave themselves to mans desire ;
 Shall the sex free
 From guilt, damn'd to the bondage be ?

Nor grieve *Castara*, though 'twere fraile,
 Thy Vertue then would brighter shine,
 When thy example should prevaile,
 And every womans faith be thine.

And were there none ;
 'Tis Majesty to rule alone.

*To the Right Honourable and excellently
 learned, WILLIAM Earle of St.*

My Lord,

THe Laurell doth your reverend temples wreath
 As aptly now, as when your youth did breath
 Those tragicke raptures which your name shall
 From the blacke edict of a tyrant grave. [save
 Nor shall your Day ere set, till the Sunne shall
 From the blind heavens like a cynder fall ;
 And all the elements intend their strife,
 To ruine what they fram'd : Then your fames life,
 When desp'rate Time lies gasping, shall expire
 Attended by the world ith' generall fire.
 Fame lengthens thus her selfe. And I to tread
 Your steps to glory, search among the dead,
 Where Vertue lies obscur'd ; that as I give
 Life to her tombe, I spight of time may live.
 Now I resolve in triumph of my verse,
 To bring great *Talbot* from that forren hearse,
 Which yet doth to her fright his dust enclose :
 Then to sing *Herbert* who so glorious rose,
 With the fourth *Edward*, that his faith doth shine
 Yet in the faith of noblest *Pembrookes* line.
 Sometimes my swelling spirits I prepare
 To speake the mighty *Percy*, neereft heire,
 In merits as in blood, to *CHARLES* the great :
 Then *Darbies* worth and greatnesse to repeat :

Or *Morleyes* honour, or *Mounteagles* fame,
 Whose valour lies eterniz'd in his name.
 But while I thinke to sing those of my blood,
 And my *Castara's*; Loves unruly flood
 Breakes in, and beares away what ever stands,
 Built by my busie fancy on the sands.

To C A S T A R A,
Vpon an embrace.

B Out th' Husband Oke, the Vine
 Thus wreathes to kisse his leavy face:
 Their streames thus Rivers joyne,
 And lose themselves in the embrace.
 But Trees want fence when they infold,
 And Waters when they meet, are cold.

Thus Turtles bill, and grone
 Their loves into each others eare:
 Two flames thus burne in one,
 When their curl'd heads to heaven they reare.
 But Birds want soule though not desire:
 And flames materiall soone expire.

If not prophane; we'll say
 When Angels close, their joyes are such.
 For we not love obey
 That's bastard to a fleshly touch.
 Let's close *Castara* then, since thus
 We patterne Angels, and they us.

To the Honourable, G. T.

Et not thy grones force Eccho from her cave,
 Or interrupt her weeping o're that wave,
 Which last *Narcissus* kist: let no darke grove
 Be taught to whisper stories of thy love.
 What though the wind be turn'd? Canst thou not saile
 By vertue of a cleane contrary gale,

Into some other Port? Where thou wilt find,
 It was thy better *Genius* chang'd the wind,
 To steere thee to some Iland in the West,
 For wealth and pleasure, that transcends thy East.
 Though *Astrodora*, like a fullen starre
 Eclipse her selfe: Ith' sky of beauty are
 Ten thousand other fires, some bright as she.
 And who with milder beames, may shine on thee.
 Nor yet doth this Eclipse beare a portent,
 That should affright the world: The firmament
 Enjoyes the light it did, a Sunne as cleare,
 And the young Spring doth like a Bride appeare,
 As fairely wed to the *Thessalian* grove
 As e're it was; though she and you not love.
 And we two, who like two bright stars have shin'd
 Ith' heaven of friendship, are as firmly joyn'd
 As bloud and love first fram'd us. And to be
 Lov'd, and thought worthy to be lov'd by thee,
 Is to be glorious. Since fame cannot lend
 An honour, equals that of *Talbots* friend.
 Nor envie me that my *Castara's* flame
 Yeelds me a constant warmth: Though first I came
 To marriage happy Ilands: Seas to thee
 Will yeeld as smooth a way, and winds as free.
 Which shall conduct thee (if hope may divine;)
 To this delicious port: and make love thine.

To CASTARA.

The reward of Innocent Love.



E saw and woo'd each others eyes,
 My soule contracted then with thine,
 And both burnt in one sacrifice.
 By which our Marriage grew divine.

Let wilder youth, whose soule is sense,
 Prophane the Temple of delight.
 And purchase endlesse penitence,
 With the stolne pleasure of one night.

Time's ever ours, while we dispise
The sensuall idoll of our clay.
For though the Sunne doe set and rise,
We joy one everlasting day.

Whose light no jealous clouds obscure,
While each of us shine innocent.
The troubled streame is still impure,
With vertue flies away content.

And though opinion often erre,
Wee'le court the modest smile of fame.
For sinnes blacke danger circles her,
Who hath infection in her name.

Thus when to one darke silent roome,
Death shall our loving coffins thrust ;
Fame will build columnes on our tombe,
And adde a perfume to our dust.

To my noblest Friend, Sir I. P. Knight.

Sir,

THough my deare *Talbots* Fate exact, a sad
And heavy brow ; my verse shall not be clad
For him this houre in mourning : I will write
To you the glory of a pompous night,
Which none (except sobriety) who wit
Or cloathes could boast, but freely did admit.
I (who still sinne for company) was there
And tasted of the glorious supper, where
Meate was the least of wonder. Though the nest
Oth' *Phoenix* rifled seem'd t'amaze the feast,
And th' Ocean left so poore that it alone
Could since vant wretched herring and poore Iohn.
Lucullus fursfets, were but types of this,
And whatsoever riot mention'd is
In story, did but the dull *Zany* play,
To this proud night ; which rather wee'le terme day :
For th'artificiall lights so thicke were set,

That bright Sun seem'd this to counterfeit
 But seven (whom whether we should Sages call
 Or deadly finnes, Ile not dispute) were all
 Invited to this pompe. And yet I dare
 Pawne my lov'd Muse, th' *Hungarian* did prepare
 Not halfe that quantity of victuall, when
 He layd his happy siege to *Nortlinghen*.
 The mist of the perfumes was breath'd so thicke
 That *Linx* himselfe thought his sight fam'd so quicke,
 Had there scarce spied one fober: For the wealth
 Of the *Canaries* was exhaust, the health
 Of his good Majestye to celebrate,
 Who'le judge them loyall subjects without that:
 Yet they, who some fond privilege to mainteine,
 VVould have rebeld; their best freehold, their braine
 Surrender'd there; and five fiftenees did pay
 To drink his happy life and reigne. O day
 It was thy piety to flye; th' hadst beene
 Found accessary else to this fond sinne.
 But I forget to speake each stratagem
 By which the dishes enter'd, and in them
 Each luscious miracle, As if more bookes
 Had written beene oth' mystery of Cookes
 Then the Philos'phers stone, here we did see
 All wonders in the kitchin Alchimy:
 But Ile not have you there, before you part
 You shall have something of another art.
 A banquet raining downe so fast, the good
 Old Patriarch would have thought a generall flood:
 Heaven open'd and from thence a mighty showre
 Of Amber comfits it sweete felse did powre
 Vpon our heads, and Suckets from our eye
 Like thickend clouds did steale away the sky,
 That it was question'd whether heaven were
Black-fryers, and each starre a confectioner;
 But I too long detaine you at a feast
 You hap'ly surfet of; now every guest
 Is reeld downe to his coach; I licence crave
 Sir, but to kisse your hands, and take my leave.

*To The Right Honourable Archibald
Earle of Ar.*



F your example be obey'd
 The serious few will live ith' silent shade :
 And not indanger by the wind
 Or Sunshine, the complexion of their mind :
 Whose beauty weares so cleare a skin
 That it decayes with the least taint of sin.
 Vice growes by custome, nor dare we
 Reject it as a slave, where it breathes free,
 And is no priviledge denyed ;
 Nor if advanc'd to higher place envyed.
 Wherefore your Lordship in your selfe
 (Not lancht farre in the maine, nor nigh the shelve
 Of humbler fortune) lives at ease,
 Safe from the rocks oth' shore, and stormes oth' Seas.
 Your foule's a well built City, where
 There's such munition, that no war breeds feare:
 No rebels wilde distractions move ;
 For you the heads have crusht ; Rage, Envy, Love.
 And therefore you defiance bid
 To open enmity, or mischief hid
 In fawning hate and supple pride,
 Who are on every corner fortifide.
 Your youth not rudely led by rage
 Of blood, is now the story of your age
 Which without boast you may averre
 'Fore blackest danger, glory did prefer :
 Glory not purchast by the breath
 Of Sycophants, but by encountring death.
 Yet wildnesse nor the feare of lawes
 Did make your fight, but justice of the cause.
 For but mad prodigals they are
 Of fortitude, who for it selfe love warre.
 When well made peace hath clos'd the eyes
 Of discord, sloath did not your youth surprize.
 Your life as well as powre, did awe

The bad, and to the good was the best law :
 When most men vertue did pursue
 In hope by it to grow in fame like you.
 Nor when you did to court repaire,
 Did you your manners alter with the ayre.
 You did your modesty retaine
 Your faithfull dealing, the same tongue and braine.
 Nor did all the soft flattery there
 Inchant you so, but still you truth could heare.
 And though your roofes were richly guilt,
 The basis was on no wards ruine built.
 Nor were your vassals made a prey,
 And forc't to curse the Coronation day.
 And though no bravery was knowne
 To out-shine yours, you onely spent your owne.
 For 'twas the indulgence of fate,
 To give y' a moderate minde, and bounteous state ?
 But I, my Lord, who have no friend
 Of fortune, must begin where you doe end.
 'Tis dang'rous to approach the fire
 Of action ; nor is't safe, farre to retire.
 Yet better lost ith' multitude
 Of private men, then on the state t'intrude,
 And hazard for a doubtfull smile,
 My stocke of fame, and inward peace to spoile.
 Ile therefore nigh some murm'ring brooke
 That wantons through my meddowes, with a booke
 With my *Castara*, or some friend,
 My youth not guilty of ambition spend.
 To my own shade (if fate permit)
 Ile whisper some soft musique of my wit.
 And flatter to my selfe, Ile see
 By that, strange motion steale into the tree.
 But still my first and chiefeest care
 Shall be t'appease offended heaven with prayer :
 And in such mold my thoughts to cast,
 That each day shall be spent as 'twere my last
 How ere it's sweete lust to obey,
 Vertue though rugged, is the safest way.

*An Elegy upon The Honourable Henry
Cambell, sonne to the Earle of Ar[g].*

TS false Arithmaticke to say thy breath
Expir'd to soone, or irreligious death
Prophan'd thy holy youth. For if thy yeares
Be number'd by thy vertues or our teares,
Thou didst the old *Methusalem* out-live.
Though Time, but twenty yeares account can give
Of thy abode on earth, yet every houre
Of thy brave youth by vertues wondrous powre
Was lengthen'd to a yeare. Each well-spent day
Keepes young the body, but the soule makes gray.
Such miracles workes goodnesse: and behind
Th'ast left to us such stories of thy minde
Fit for example; that when them we read,
We envy earth the treasure of the dead.
Why doe the sinfull riot and survive
The feavers of their fursets? Why alive
Is yet disorder'd greatnesse, and all they
Who the loose lawes of their wilde blood obey?
Why lives the gamester. who doth blacke the night
With cheats and imprecations? Why is light
Looked on by those whose breath may poyson it:
Who sold the vigor of their strength and wit
To buy diseases: and thou, who faire truth
And vertue didst adore, lost in thy youth?


But Ile not question fate. Heaven doth convey
Those first from the darke prison of their clay
Who are most fit for heaven. Thou in warre
Hadst tane degrees, those dangers felt, which are
The props on which peace safely doth subsist
And through the Cannons blew and horrid mist
Hadst brought her light: And now wert so compleat
That naught but death did want to make thee great.

Thy death was timely then bright soule to thee,
And in thy fate thou suffer'dst not. 'Twas we

Who dyed rob'd of thy life : in whose increafe
Of reall glory both in warre and peace,
We all did share : and thou away we feare
Didst with thee, the whole stocke of honour beare.

Each then be his owne mourner, Wee'le to thee
Write hymnes, upon the world an Elegie.

To C A S T A R A.


 Hy should we feare to melt away in death ;
May we but dye together. When beneath
In a coole vault we sleepe, the world will prove
Religious, and call it the shrine of Love.

There, when oth' wedding eve some beautilous maid,
Suspicious of the faith of man, hath paid
The tribute of her vowes ; oth' sudden shee
Two violets sprouting from the tombe will see :
And cry out, ye sweet emblems of their zeale
Who live below, sprang ye up to reveale
The story of our future joyes, how we
The faithfull patterns of their love shall be ?

If not ; hang downe your heads opprest with dew,
And I will weepe and wither hence with you.

To C A S T A R A,

Of what we were before our creation.

 Hen *Pelion* wondring saw, that raine which fell
But now from angry Heaven, to Heaven ward
swell :

When th' Indian Ocean did the wanton play,
Mingling its billowes with the Balticke sea :
And the whole earth was water : O where then
Were we *Castara* ? In the fate of men
Lost underneath the waves ? Or to beguile
Heaven's justice, lurkt we in *Noahs* floating Isle ?
We had no being then. This fleshy frame
Wed to a soule, long after, hither came

A stranger to it selfe. Those moneths that were
But the last age, no news of us did heare.

What pompe is then in us? Who th' other day
Were nothing; and in triumph now, but clay.

To the Moment last past.



Whither dost thou flye? Cannot my vow
Intreat thee tarry? Thou wert here but now,
And thou art gone: like ships which plough the
Sea,

And leave no print for man to tracke their way.
O unseene wealth! who thee did husband, can
Out-vie the jewels of the Ocean,
The mines of th' earth! One sigh well spent in thee
Had beene a purchase for eternity!

We will not loose thee then. *Castara*, where
Shall we finde out his hidden sepulcher;
And wee'le revive him. Not the cruell stealth
Of fate shall rob us, of so great a wealth.

Vndone in thrift! while we befought his stay,
Ten of his fellow moments fled away.

To CASTARA.

Of the knowledge of Love.



Here sleepest the North-wind when the South
inspires

Life in the spring, and gathers into quires
The scatter'd Nightingales; whose subtile eares
Heard first th' harmonious language of the Spheares;
Whence hath the stone Magneticke force t'allure
Th' enamour'd iron; From a seed impure
Or naturall did first the Mandrake grow;
What powre ith' Ocean makes it ebbe and flow;
What strange materials is the azure skye
Compacted of; of what its¹ brightest eye
The ever flaming Sunne; what people are
In th' unknowne world; what worlds in every star;

Let curious fancies at this secret rove ;
Castara what we know, wee'le practise, Love.

To the Right Honourable the Countesse of C.

Madam,

Should the cold *Muscovit*, whose furre and flove
 Can scarfe prepare him heate enough for love,
 But view the wonder of your prefence, he
 Would scorne his winters sharpest injury :
 And trace the naked groves, till he found bayse
 To write the beautilous triumphs of your prayse.
 As a dull Poet even he would say,
 Th' unclouded Sun had never showne them day
 Till that bright minute ; that he now admires
 No more why the coy Spring so soone retires
 From their unhappy clyme : It doth pursue
 The Sun, and he derives his light from you.
 Hee'd tell you how the fetter'd Baltick Sea
 Is set at freedome, while the yce away
 Doth melt at your approach ; how by so faire
 Harmonious beauty, their rude manners are
 Reduc't to order ; how to them you bring
 The wealthiest mines below, above the Spring.
 Thus would his wonder speake. For he would want
 Religion to beleeeve, there were a Saint
 Within, and all he saw was but the shrine.
 But I here pay my vows to the devine
 Pure essence there inclos'd, which if it were
 Not hid in a faire cloud but might appeare
 In its full lustre, would make Nature live
 In a state equall to her primitive.
 But sweetly thats obscur'd. Yet though our eye
 Cannot the splendor of your soule descry
 In true perfection, by a glimmering light,
 Your language yeelds us, we can guesse how bright
 The Sunne within you shines, and curse th' unkind
 Eclipse, or else our selves for being blinde.
 How hastily doth Nature build up man

1 To the Right Honorable, my very good Lady, the Countesse of C. 1635.

To leave him so imperfect? For he can
 See nought beyond his fence; she doth controule
 So farre his sight, he nere discern'd a soule.
 For had yours beene the object of his eye;
 It had turn'd wonder to Idolatry.

The harmony of Love.



Amphion, O thou holy shade!
 Bring *Orpheus* up with thee:
 That wonder may you both invade,
 Hearing Loves harmony.
 You who are soule, not rudely made
 Vp, with Materiall eares,
 And fit to reach the musique of these spheares.

Harke! when *Castor's* orbs doe move
 By my first moving eyes,
 How great the Symphony of Love,
 But 'tis the destinies
 Will not so farre my prayer approve,
 To bring you hither, here
 Lest you meete heaven, for Elizium there.

Tis no dull Sublunary flame
 Burnes in her heart and mine.
 But something more, then hath a name.
 So subtile and divine,
 We know not why, nor how it came.
 Which shall shine bright, till she
 And the whole world of love, expire with me.

To my honoured friend Sir Ed. P. Knight.



On'd leave the silence in which safe we are,
 To listen to the noyse of warre;
 And walke those rugged paths, the factious tread,
 Who by the number of the dead

Reckon their glories, and thinke greatnesse stood
 Vnfafe, till it was built on blood.
 Secure ith' wall our Seas and ships provide
 (Abhorring wars so barb'rous pride
 And honour bought with slaughter) in content
 Lets breath though humble, innocent.
 Folly and madnesse! Since 'tis ods we nere
 See the fresh youth of the next yeare.
 Perhaps not the chaste morne, her selfe disclose
 Againe, t'out-blush th' æmulous rose,
 Why doth ambition so the mind distresse
 To make us scorne what we possesse?
 And looke so farre before us? Since all we
 Can hope, is varied misery?
 Goe find some whispering shade neare *Arne* or *Poe*,
 And gently 'mong their violets throw
 Your wearyed limbs, and see if all those faire
 Enchantments can charme grieve or care?
 Our sorrowes still pursue us, and when you
 The ruin'd Capitoll shall view
 And statues, a disorder'd heape; you can
 Not cure yet the disease of man,
 And banish your owne thoughts. Goe trauaile where
 Another Sun and Starres appeare,
 And land not toucht by any covetous fleet,
 And yet even there your selfe you'll meet.
 Stay here then, and while curious exiles find
 New toyes for a fantastique mind;
 Enjoy at home what's reall: here the Spring
 By her aeriall quires doth sing
 As sweetly to you, as if you were laid
 Vnder the learn'd *Theffalian* shade,
 Direct your eye-sight inward, and you'll find
 A thousand regions in your mind
 Yet undiscover'd. Travell them, and be
 Expert in home Cosmographie.
 This you may doe safe both from rocke and shelve:
 Man's a whole world within him selfe.

To CASTARA.

GIve me a heart where no impure
 Disorder'd passions rage,
 Which jealousie doth not obscure,
 Not vanity t' expence ingage,
 Nor wooed to madnesse by quient oathes,
 Or the fine Rhetoricke of cloathes,
 Which not the softnesse of the age
 To vice or folly doth decline ;
 Give me that heart (*Castara*) for 'tis thine.

Take thou a heart where no new looke
 Provokes new appetite :
 VVith no fresh charme of beauty tooke,
 Or wanton stratagem of wit ;
 Not Idly wandring here and there,
 Led by an am'rous eye or eare.
 Ayming each beautious marke to hit ;
 VVhich vertue doth to one confine :
 Take thou that heart, *Castara*, for 'tis mine.

And now my heart is lodg'd with thee,
 Observe but how it still
 Doth listen how thine doth with me ;
 And guard it well, for else it will
 Runne hither backe ; not to be where
 I am, but 'cause thy heart is here.
 But without discipline, or skill.
 Our hearts shall freely 'twene us move ;
 Should thou or I want hearts, wee'd breath by love.

To CASTARA.

Of true delight.



Hy doth the eare so tempt the voyce,
That cunningly divides the ayre?
VVhy doth the pallate buy the choyce
Delights oth' fea, to enrich her fare?

As foone as I, my eare obey
The Eccho's loſt even with the breath.
And when the fewer takes away
I'me left with no more taſte, then death.

Be curious in purſuite of eyes
To procreate new loves with thine;
Satiety makes ſence deſpife
VVhat ſuperſtition thought divine.

Quicke fancy how it mockes delight?
As we conceive, things are not ſuch,
The glow-worme is as warme as bright,
Till the deceitfull flame we touch.

VVhen I have ſold my heart to luſt,
And bought repentance with a kiſſe
I find the malice of my duſt,
That told me hell contain'd a bliſſe.

The Roſe yeelds her ſweete blandiſhment
Loſt in the fold of lovers wreathes,
The violet enchants the ſent,
When earley in the Spring ſhe breaths.

But winter comes and makes each flowre
Shrinke from the pillow where it growes,
Or an intruding cold hath powre
To ſcorne the perfume of the Roſe.

Our fences like falſe glaſſes ſhow
Smooth beauty where browes wrinkled are,
And makes the coſen'd fancy glow.
Chaſte vertue's onely true¹ and faire.

¹ chaste. 1635.

To my noblest Friend, I. C. Esquire.

Sir,



Hate the Countries durt and manners, yet
 I love the silence; I embrace the wit
 And courtship, flowing here in a full tide.
 But loathe the expence, the vanity, and pride.
 No place each way is happy. Here I hold
 Commerce with some, who to my eare unfold
 (After a due oath ministred) the height
 And greatnesse of each star shines in the state:
 The brightnesse, the eclipse, the influence.
 With others I commune, who tell me whence
 The torrent doth of forraigne discord flow:
 Relate each skirmish, battle, overthrow,
 Soone as they happen; and by rote can tell
 Those *Germane* townes, even puzzle me to spell.
 The crosse or prosperous fate of Princes, they
 Ascribe to rashnesse, cunning, or delay:
 And on each action comment, with more skill
 Then upon *Livy*, did old *Machavill*.
 O busie folly! Why doe I my braine
 Perplex with the dull pollicies of *Spaine*,
 Or quicke designs of *France*? Why not repaire
 To the pure innocence oth' Country ayre:
 And neighbor thee, deare friend? Who so dost give
 Thy thoughts to worth and vertue, that to live
 Blest, is to trace thy wayes. There might not we
 Arme against passion with Philotophie;
 And by the aide of leisure, so controule,
 What-ere is earth in us, to grow all soule?
 Knowledge doth ignorance ingender when
 VVe study misteries of other men
 And forraigne plots. Doe but in thy owne shade
 (Thy head upon some flowry pillow laide,
 Kind Natures hufwifery) contemplate all
 His stratagems who labours to intrall
 The world to his great Master; and youle finde
 Ambition mocks it selfe, and grasps the wind.

Not conquest makes us great. Blood is to deare.
 A price for glory : Honour doth appeare
 To statesmen like a vision in the night,
 And jugler-like workes oth' deluded sight.
 Th' unbusied onely wise : For no respect
 Indangers them to error ; They affect
 Truth in her naked beauty, and behold
 Man with an equall eye, not bright in gold
 Or tall in title ; so much him they weigh
 As Vertue raifeth him above his clay.
 Thus let us value things : And since we find
 Time bends us toward death, lets in our mind
 Create new youth ; and arme against the rude
 Assaults of age ; that no dull solitude
 Oth' country dead our thoughts, nor busie care
 Oth' towne make us not thinke, where now we are
 And whether we are bound. Time nere forgot
 His journey, though his steps we numbred not.

To C A S T A R A.

*What Lovers will say when she and he are
 dead.*

F Wonder when w're dead, what men will say ;
 Will not poore Orphan Lovers weepe.
 The parents of their Loves decay ;
 And envy death the treasure of our sleepe ?

Will not each trembling Virgin bring her feares
 To th' holy silence of my Vrne ?
 And chide the Marble with her teares,
 Cause she so soone faith's obsequie must mourne.

For had Fate spar'd but *Araphill* (she'le say)
 He had the great example flood,
 And forc't unconstant man obey
 The law of Loves Religion, not of blood.

And youth by female perjury betraid,
 Will to *Castara's* shrine deplore
 His injuries, and death obrayd,
 That woman lives more guilty, then before.

For while thy breathing purified the ayre
 Thy Sex (hee'le say) did onely move
 By the chaste influence of a faire,
 Whose vertue shin'd in the bright orbe of love.

Now woman, like a Meteor vapor'd forth
 From dunghills, doth amaze our eyes;
 Not shining with a reall worth,
 But subtile her blacke errors to disguise.

Thus will they talke, *Castara*, while our dust
 In one darke vault shall mingled be.
 The world will fall a prey to lust,
 When Love is dead, which hath one fate with me.

To his Muse.

Ere Virgin fix thy pillars, and command
 They sacred may to after ages stand
 In witnesse of loves triumph. Yet will we
Castara, find new worlds in Poetry,
 And conquer them. Not dully following those
 Tame lovers, who dare cloth their thoughts in prose.
 But we will henceforth more Religious prove,
 Concealing the high mysteries of love
 From the prophane. Harmonious like the spheares,
 Our soules shall move, not reacht by humane eares.
 That Musicke to the Angels, this to fame,
 I here commit. That when their holy flame,
 True lovers to pure beauties would rehearse,
 They may invoke the *Genius* of my verse.

FINIS.

A Friend.



Is a man. For the free and open discovery of thoughts to woman can not passe without an over licentious familiarity, or a justly occasion'd suspition; and friendship can neither stand with vice or infamie.

He is vertuous, for love begot in sin is a mishapen monster, and seldome out-lives his birth. He is noble, and inherits the vertues of all his progenitors; though happily unskilfull to blazon his paternall coate; So little should nobility serve for story, but when it encourageth to action. He is so valiant, feare could never be listned to, when she whisper'd danger; and yet fights not, unlesse religion confirmes the quarrell lawfull. He submits his actions to the government of vertue, not to the wilde decrees of popular opinion; and when his conscience is fully satisfied, he cares not how mistake and ignorance interpret him. He hath so much fortitude he can forgive an injurie; and when he hath overthrowne his opposer, not insult upon his weakenesse. He is an absolute governor; no destroyer of his passions, which he employes to the noble increase of vertue. He is wise, for who hopes to reape a harvest from the sands, may expect the perfect offices of friendship from a foole. He hath by a liberall education beene softned to civility; for that rugged honesty some rude men possesse, is an indigested Chaos; which may containe the seedes of goodnesse, but it wants forme and order.

He is no flatterer; but when he findes his friend any way imperfect, he freely but gently informs him; nor yet shall some few errors cancell the bond of friendship; because he remembers no endeavours can raise man above his frailty. He is as slow to enter into that title, as he is to forsake it; a monstrous vice must disoblige, because an extraordinary vertue did first unite; and when he parts, he doth it without a duell. He is neither effeminate, nor a common courtier; the first is so passionate a doater upon himselfe, hee cannot spare love enough to be justly named friendship: the latter hath his love so diffusive among the beauties, that man is not considerable. He is not accustomed to any sordid way of gaine, for who is any way mechanicke, will sell his friend upon more profitable termes. He is bountifull, and thinkes no treasure of fortune equall to the preservation of him he loves; yet not so lavish, as to buy friendship and perhaps afterward finde himselfe overseene in the purchase. He is not exceptious, for jealousie proceedes from weakness, and his vertues quit him from suspitions. He freely gives advice, but so little peremptory is his opinion that he ingenuously submits it to an abler judgement. He is open in expression of his thoughts and easeth his melancholy by enlarging it; and no Sanctuary preserves so safely, as he his friend afflicted. He makes use of no engines of his friendship to extort a secret; but if committed to his charge, his heart receives it, and that and it come both to light together. In life he is the most amiable object to the soule, in death the most deplorable.

*The Funerals of the Honourable, my best friend and
Kinsman, GEORGE TALBOT,
Esquire.*

Elegie, I.

TWere malice to the fame ; to weepe alone
And not enforce an univerfall groane [plaine :
From ruinous man, and make the World com-
Yet I'll forbid my grieve to be prophane
In mention of thy prayse ; I'll speake but truth
Yet write more honour than ere shin'd in youth.
I can relate thy businesse here on earth,
Thy mystery of life, thy noblest birth
Out-shin'd by nobler vertue : but how farre
Th' hast tane thy journey 'bove the highest star,
I cannot speake, nor whether thou art in
Commission with a Throne, or Cherubin.
Passe on triumphant in thy glorious way,
Till thou hast reacht the place assign'd : we may
Without disturbing the harmonious Spheares,
Bathe here below thy memory in our teares.
Ten dayes are past, since a dull wonder seis'd
My active soule : Loud stormes of sighes are rais'd
By empty griefes ; they who can utter it,
Doe no vent forth their sorrow, but their wit.
I stood like *Niobe* without a grone,
Congeal'd into that monumentall stone
That doth lye over thee : I had no roome
For witty grieve, fit onely for thy tombe.
And friendships monument, thus had I stood ;
But that the flame I beare thee, warm'd my blood
With a new life. Ile like a funerall fire
But burne a while to thee, and then expire.

Elegie, 2.

Talbot is dead. Like lightning which no part
 Oth' body touches, but first strikes the heart,
 This word hath murder'd me. Ther's not in all
 The stocke of sorrow, any charme can call
 Death sooner up. For musiqu's in the breath
 Of thunder, and a sweetnesse even ith' death
 That brings with it, if you with this compare
 All the loude noyses, which torment the ayre.
 They cure (Phyisitians say) the element
 Sicke with dull vapors, and to banishment
 Confine infections; but this fatall shreeke,
 Without the least redresse, is utter'd like
 The last dayes summons, when Earths trophies lye
 A scatter'd heape, and time it selfe must dye.
 What now hath life to boast of? Can I have
 A thought lesse darke than th' horror of the grave
 Now thou dost dwell below? Wer't not a fault
 Past pardon, to raise fancie 'bove thy vault?
 Hayle Sacred house in which his reliques sleepe?
 Blest marble give me leave t' approach and weepe,
 These vowes to thee! for since great *Talbot's* gone
 Downe to thy silence, I commerce with none
 But thy pale people: and in that confute
 Mistaking man, that dead men are not mute.
 Delicious beauty, lend thy flatter'd eare
 Accustom'd to warme whispers, and thou'lt heare
 How their cold language tels thee, that thy skin
 Is but a beautilous shrine, in which black sin
 Is Idoliz'd; thy eyes but Spheares where lust
 Hath its loose motion; and thy end is dust.
 Great *Atlas* of the state, descend with me.
 But hither, and this vault shall furnish thee
 With more aviso's, then thy costly spyes,
 And show how false are all those mysteries
 Thy Sect receives, and though thy pallace swell
 With envied pride, 'tis here that thou must dwell,
It will instruct you, Courtier, that your Art


Of outward smoothnesse and a rugged heart
 But cheates your self, and all those subtill wayes
 You tread to grentnesse, is a fatall maze
 Where you your selfe shall loofe, for though you breath
 Vpward to pride, your center is beneath.
 And 'twill thy Rhetorick false flesh confound ;
 Which flatters thy fraile thoughts, no time can wound
 This unarm'd frame. Here is true eloquence
 Will teach my soule to triumph over fence,
 Which hath its period in a grave, and there
 Showes what are all our pompous surfets here.
 Great Orator ! deare *Talbot* ! Still, to thee
 May I an auditor attentive be :
 And piously maintaine the same commerce
 We held in life ! and if in my rude verse
 I to the world may thy sad precepts read :
 I will on earth interpret for the dead.

Elegie, 3.

ET me contemplate thee (faire soule) and though
 I cannot tracke the way, which thou didst goe
 In thy cœlestiall journey ; and my heart
 Expansion wants, to thinke what now thou art
 How bright and wide thy glories ; yet I may
 Remember thee, as thou wert in thy clay.
 Best object to my heart ! what vertues be
 Inherent even to the least thought of thee !
 Death which to th' vig'rous heate of youth brings feare
 In its leane looke ; doth like a Prince appeare,
 Now glorious to my eye, since it possesse
 The wealthy empyre of that happie chest
 Which harbours thy rich dust ; for how can he
 Be thought a bank'rout that embraces thee ?
 Sad midnight whispers with a greedy eare
 I catch from lonely graves, in hope to heare
 Newes from the dead, nor can pale visions fright
 His eye, who since thy death feeles no delight
 In mans acquaintance. Mem'ry of thy fate

Doth in me a sublimer soule create.
 And now my sorrow followes thee, I tread
 The milkie way, and see the snowie head
 Of *Atlas* farre below, while all the high
 Swolne buildings seeme but atomes to my eye.
 I'me heighten'd by my ruine ; and while I
 Weepe ore the vault where the sad ashes lye,
 My soule with thine doth hold commerce above ;
 Where we discern the stratagems, which Love,
 Hate, and ambition, use, to cozen man ;
 So fraile that every blast of honour can
 Swell him above himselfe, each, adverse gust
 Him and his glories shiver into dust.
 How small seemes greatnesse here ! How not a span
 His empire, who commands the Ocean.
 Both that, which boasts so much it's mighty ore
 And th' other, which with pearle, hath pav'd its' shore
 Nor can it greater seeme, when this great All
 For which men quarrell so, is but a ball
 Cast downe into the ayre to sport the starres.
 And all our generall ruines, mortall warres,
 Depopulated states, caus'd by their sway ;
 And mans so reverend wisedome but their play.
 From thee, deare *Talbot*, living I did learne
 The Arts of life, and by thy light discern
 The truth, which men dispute. But by thee dead
 I'me taught, upon the worlds gay pride to tread :
 And that way sooner master it, than he
 To whom both th' Indies tributary be.

Elegie, 4.


 Y name, dear friend, even thy expiring breath
 Did call upon : affirming that thy death
 Would wound my poor sad heart. Sad it must be
 Indeed, lost to all thoughts of mirth in thee.
 My Lord, if I with licence of your teares,
 (Which your great brother's hearse as dyamonds wears
 T' enrich deaths glory) may but speake my owne :

Ile prove it, that no sorrow ere was knowne
 Reall as mine. All other mourners keepe
 In griefe a method: without forme I weepe.
 The sonne (rich in his fathers fate) hath eyes
 Wet just as long as are the obsequies.
 The widow formerly a yeare doth spend
 In her so courtly blackes. But for a Friend
 We weepe an age, and more than th' Achorit, have
 Our very thoughts confin'd within a Grave.
 Chast Love who hadst thy triumph in my flame
 And thou *Castara* who had hadst a name,
 But for this sorrow glorious: Now my verse
 Is lost to you, and onely on *Talbots* herse
 Sadly attends. And till times fatall hand
 Ruines, what's left of Churches, there shall stand.
 There to thy selfe, deare *Talbot*, Ile repeate
 Thy owne brave story; tell thy selfe how great
 Thou wert in thy mindes Empire, and how all
 Who out-live thee, see but the Funerall
 Of glory: and if yet some vertuous be,
 They but weake apparitions are of thee.
 So settled were thy thoughts, each action so
 Discreetely ordered, that nor ebbe nor flow
 Was ere perceiv'd in thee: each word mature
 And every sceane of life from sinne so pure
 That scarce in its whole history, we can
 Finde vice enough, to say thou wert but man.
 Horror to say thou wert! Curs't that we must
 Adresse our language to a little dust,
 And seeke for *Talbot* there. Injurious fate,
 To lay my lifes ambition desolate.
 Yet thus much comfort have I, that I know,
 Not how it can give such another blow.

Elegie, 5.



Hast as the Nuns first vow, as fairely bright
 As when by death her Soule shines in full light
 Freed from th' Eclipse of earth, each word that
 From thee (deare *Talbot*) did beget a flame (came

T' enkindle vertue : which so faire by thee
 Became, man, that blind mole, her face did see.
 But now t'our eye she's lost, and if she dwell
 Yet on the earth ; she 's coffin'd in the cell
 Of some cold Hermit ; who so keeps her there,
 As if of her the old man jealous were.
 Nor ever shoves her beauty, but to some
Carthusian, who even by his vow, is dumbe !
 So 'mid the yce of the farre Northern sea,
 A starre about the Articke Circle, may
 Then ours yeeld clearer light ; yet that but shall
 Serve at the frozen Pilots funerall.
 Thou (brightest constellation) to this maine
 Which all we finners traffique on, didst daigne
 The bounty of thy fire, which with so cleare
 And constant beames did our frayle vessels steare,
 That safely we, what storme so ere bore sway,
 Past ore the rugged Alpes of th' angry Sea.
 But now we fayle at randome. Every rocke
 The folly doth of our ambition mocke
 And splits our hopes : To every Sirens breath
 We listen and even court the face of death,
 If painted ore by pleasure : Every wave
 If hath delight w' embrace though 't prove a grave :
 So ruinous is the defect of thee,
 To th' undone world in gen'rall. But to me
 Who liv'd one life with thine, drew but one breath,
 Possess't with th' same mind and thoughts, 'twas death.
 And now by fate : I but my selfe survive,
 To keepe his mem'ry, and my griefes alive.
 Where shall I then begin to weepe ? No grove
 Silent and darke, but is prophan'd by Love :
 With his warme whispers, and faint idle feares,
 His busie hopes, loud sighes, and causelesse teares
 Each eare is so enchanted ; that no breath
 Is listned to, which mockes report of death.
 I'te turne my grieve then inward and deplore
 My ruine to my selfe, repeating ore
 The story of his vertues ; untill I
Not write, but am my selfe his Elegie.

Elegie, 6.

Oe stop the swift-wing'd moments in their flight
To their yet unknowne coast, goe hinder night
From its approach on day, and force day rise
From the faire East of some bright beauties eyes:

Else vaunt not the proud miracle of verse.

It hath no powre. For mine from his blacke herse
Redeemes not *Talbot*, who cold as the breath
Of winter, coffin'd lyes; silent as death,
Stealing on th' Anch'rit, who even wants an eare
To breath into his soft expiring prayer.

For had thy life beene by thy vertues spun
Out to a length, thou hadst out-liv'd the Sunne
And clos'd the worlds great eye: or were not all
Our wonders fiction, from thy funerall
Thou hadst received new life, and liv'd to be
The conqueror o're death, inspir'd by me.

But all we Poets glory in, is vaine
And empty triumph: Art cannot regaine
One poore houre lost, nor reskew a small flye
By a fooles finger destinate to dye.

Live then in thy true life (great soule) for set
At liberty by death thou owest no debt
T^e exacting Nature: Live, freed from the sport
Of time and fortune in yand' starry court
A glorious Potentate, while we below
But fashion wayes to mitigate our woe.

We follow camps, and to our hopes propose
Th' insulting victor; not remembering those
Dismembred trunks who gave him victory
By a loath'd fate: We covetous Merchants be
And to our aymes pretend treasure and sway,
Forgetfull of the treasons of the Sea.

The shootings of a wounded conscience
We patiently sustaine to serve our sence
With a short pleasure; So we empire gaine
And rule the fate of businesse, the sad paine

Of action we contemne, and the affright
Which with pale visions still attends our night.
Our joyes false apparitions, but our feares
Are certaine prophecies. And till our eares
Reach that caelestiall musique, which thine now
So cheerefully receive, we must allow
No comfort to our griefes: from which to be
Exempted, is in death to follow thee.

Elegie, 7.

THere is no peace in sinne. Æternall war
Doth rage 'mong vices. But all vertues are
Friends 'mong themselves, and choifest accents
Harsh Eccho's of their heavenly harmonie. [be
While thou didst live we did that union finde
In the so faire republick of thy mind,
Where discord never swel'd. And as we dare
Affirme those goodly structures, temples are
Where well-tun'd quires strike zeale into the eare:
The musique of thy soule made us say, there
God had his Altars; every breath a spice
And each religious act a sacrifice.
But death hath that demolisht. All our eye
Of thee now sees doth like a Cittie lye
Raz'd by the cannon. Where is then that flame
That added warmth and beauty to thy frame?
Fled heaven-ward to repaire, with its pure fire
The losses of some maim'd Seraphick quire?
Or hovers it beneath, the world t' uphold
From generall ruine, and expell that cold
Dull humor weakens it? If so it be;
My sorrow yet must prayse fates charity.
But thy example (if kinde heaven had daign'd
Frailty that favour) had mankind regain'd
To his first purity. For that the wit
Of vice, might not except 'gainst th' Ancherit
As too to strickt; thou didst uncloyster'd live:
Teaching the soule by what preservative,

She may from finnes contagion live secure,
 Though all the ayre she sucked in, were impure.
 In this darke mist of error with a cleare
 Vnspotted light, thy vertue did appeare
 T' obrayd corrupted man. How could the rage
 Of untam'd lust have scorcht decrepit age;
 Had it seene thy chaste youth? Who could the wealth
 Of time have spent in ryot, or his health
 By surfeits forfeited; if he had seene
 What temperance had in thy dyet beene?
 What glorious foole had vaunted honours bought
 By gold or practise, or by rapin brought
 From his fore-fathers, had he understood
 How *Talbot* valued not his owne great blood!
 Had Politicians seene him scorning more
 The unsafe pompe of greatnesse, then the poore
 Thatcht roofes of shepheards, where th' unruly wind
 (A gentler storme than pride) unchecked doth find
 Still free admittance: their pale labors had
 Beene to be good, not to be great and bad.
 But he is lost in a blind vault, and we
 Must not admire though finnes now frequent be
 And uncontrol'd: Since those faire tables where
 The Law was writ by death now broken are,
 By death extinguisht is that Star, whose light
 Did shine so faithfull: that each ship sayl'd right
 Which steer'd by that. Nor marvell then if we,
 (That sailing) lost in this worlds tempest be.
 But to what Orbe so ere thou dost retyre,
 Far from our ken: tis blest, while by thy fire
 Enlighten'd. And since thou must never here
 Be seene againe: may I ore-take thee there.

Elegie, 8.



Bast not the rev'rend Vatican, nor all
 The cunning Pompe of the Escuriall. [room
 Though there both th' Indies met in each smal
 Th' are short in treasure of this precious tombe.

Here is th' Epitome of wealth, this cheft
 Is Natures chiefe Exchequer, hence the Eaſt
 When it is purified by th' generall fire
 Shall ſee theſe now pale aſhes ſparkle higher
 Then all the gems ſhe vants : tranſcending far
 In fragrant luſtre the bright morning ſtar.
 Tis true, they now ſeeme darke. But rather we
 Have by a cataſt loſt ſight, then he
 Though dead his glory. So to us blacke night
 Brings darkeneſſe, when the Sun retaines his light.
 Thou eclips'd duſt ! Expecting breake of day
 From the thicke miſts about thy Tombe, I'll pay
 Like the juſt Larke, the tribute of my verſe
 I will invite thee, from thy envious herſe
 To riſe, and 'bout the World thy beames to ſpread,
 That we may ſee, there's brightneſſe in the dead.
 My zeale deludes me not. What perfumes come
 From th' happy vault ? In her ſweete martyrdome
 The nard breathes never ſo, nor ſo the roſe
 When the enamor'd Spring by kiſſing blowes
 Soft bluſhes on her cheek, nor th' early Eaſt
 Vying with Paradiſe, ith' Phoenix neſt.
 Theſe gentle perfumes uſher in the day
 Which from the night of his diſcolour'd clay
 Breakes on the ſudden : for a Soule ſo bright
 Of force muſt to her earth contribute light.
 But if w' are ſo far blind, we cannot ſee
 The wonder of this truth ; yet let us be
 Not infidels : nor like dull Atheiſts give
 Our ſelves ſo long to luſt, till we believe
 (T' allay the grieve of ſinne) that we ſhall fall
 To a loath'd nothing in our Funerall.
 The bad mans death is horror. But the juſt
 Keepe ſomething of his glory in his duſt.

FINIS.

CASTARA:
THE
THIRD PART.



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A Holy Man



Lonely Happie. For infelicity and sinne were borne twinnes; Or rather like some prodigie with two bodies, both draw and expire the same breath. Catholique faith is the foundation on which he erects Religion; knowing it a ruinous madnesse to build in the ayre of a private spirit, or on the sands of any new schisme. His impietie is not so bold to bring divinity downe to the mistake of reason, or to deny those misteries his apprehension reacheth not. His obedience moves still by direction of the Magistrate: And should conscience informe him that the command is unjust; he judgeth it neverthelesse high treason by rebellion to make good his tenets; as it were the basest cowardize, by dissimulation of religion, to preserve temporall respects. Hee knowes humane pollicie but a crooked rule of action: and therefore by a distrust of his owne knowledge attaines it: Confounding with supernaturall illumination, the opinionated judgment of the wise. In prosperity he gratefully admires the bounty of the Almighty giver, and useth, not abuseth plenty: But in adversity hee remains unshaken, and like some eminent mountaine hath his head above the clouds. For his happinesse is not meteor-like exhauled from the vapors of this world; but shines a fixt starre, which when by misfortune it appeares to fall,

onely casts away the slimie matter. Poverty he neither feares nor covets, but cheerefully entertaines; imagining it the fire which tries vertue: Nor how tyrannically soever it usurpe on him, doth he pay to it a sigh or wrinkle: for he who suffers want without reluctancie, may be poore not miserable. He sees the covetous prosper by usury, yet waxeth not leane with envie: and when the prosteritie of the impious flourish, he questiones not the divine justice; for temporall rewards distinguish not ever the merits of men: and who hath bene of counsel with the *Æternall*? Fame he weighes not, but esteemes a smooke, yet such as carries with it the sweetest odour, and riseth usually from the Sacrifice of our best actions. Pride he disdaines, when he findes it swelling in himselfe; but easily forgiveth it in another: Nor can any mans error in life, make him sinne in censure, since seldome the folly we condemne is so culpable as the severity of our judgement. He doth not malice the over-spreading growth of his equalls: but pitties, not despiseth the fall of any man: Esteeming yet no storme of fortune dangerous, but what is rais'd through our owne demerit. When he lookes on others vices, he values not himselfe vertuous by comparison, but examines his owne defects, and findes matter enough at home for reprehension: In conversation his carriage is neither plausible to flattery, nor reserv'd to rigor: but so demeanes himselfe as created for societie. In solitude he remembers his better part is Angelicall; and therefore his minde practiseth the best discourse without assistance of inferiour Organs. Lust is the *Basiliske* he flyes, a Serpent of the most destroying venome: for it

blasts al plants with the breath, and carries the most murdering Artillery in the eye: He is ever merry but still modeſt. Not diſſolved into undecent laughter, or trickled with wit ſcurrilous or injurious. He cunningly ſearcheth into the vertues of others, and liberally commends them: but buries the vices of the imperfect in a charitable ſilence, whoſe manners he reformes not by in-vectives but example: In prayer he is frequent not apparent: yet as he labours not the opinion, ſo he feares not the ſcandall of being thought good. He every day travailes his meditations up to heaven, and never findes himſelf wearied with the journey: but when the neceſſities of nature returne him downe to earth, he eſteemes it a place, hee is condemned to. Devotion is his Miſtreſſe on which he is paſſionately enamord: for that he hath found the moſt Sovereigne antidote agaⁱnſt ſinne, and the onley balſome powerfull to cure thoſe wounds hee hath receav'd through frailty. To live he knowes a benefit, and the contempt of it ingratitude, and therefore loves, but not doates on life. Death how deformed ſoever an aſpect it weares, he is not frighted with: ſince it not annihilates, but uncloudes the ſoule. He therefore ſtands every movement prepared to dye: and though he freely yeelds up himſelf, when age or ſickneſſe ſommon him; yet he with more alacritie puts off his earth, when the profeſſion of faith crownes him a martyr.

Domine labia mea aperies DAVID.

NO monument of me remaine,
 My mem'orie rust
 In the same marble with my dust :
 Ere I the spreadingst Laurell gaine,
 By writing wanton or profane.

Ye glorious wonders of the skies,
 Shine still bright starres,
 Th' Almightyes mystick Characters !
 Ile not your beautilous lights surprise
 T' illuminate a womans eyes.

Nor to perfume her veins, will I
 In each one set
 The purple of the violet.
 The untoucht flowre may grow and dye
 Safe from my fancies injurie.

Open my lippes, great God ! and then
 Ile soare above
 The humble flight of carnall love.
 Vpward to thee Ile force my pen,
 And trace no path of vulgar men.

For what can our unbounded foules
 Worthy to be
 Their object finde, excepting thee ?
 Where can I fixe ? since time controules
 Our pride, whose motion all things roules.

Should I my selfe ingratiate
 T' a Princes smile ;
 How soone may death my hopes beguile ?
 And should I farme the proudest state,
 I'me Tennant to uncertaine fate.

If I court gold ; will it not rust ?
 And if my love
 Toward a female beauty move ;

How will that furfet of our lust
 Distast us, when resolv'd to dust?
 But thou Æternall banquet! where
 For ever we
 May feede without fatietie!
 Who harmonie art to the eare,
 Who art, while all things else appeare!
 While up to thee I shoote my flame
 Thou dost dispence
 A holy death, that murders fence,
 And makes me scorne all pompes, that ayme
 All other triumphs than thy name.
 It crownes me with a victory
 So heavenly, all
 That's earth from me away doth fall.
 And I, from my corruption free,
 Grow in my vowes even part of thee.

Versa est in luctum cythara mea. I O B.



Ove! I no orgies sing
 Whereby thy mercies to invoke:
 Nor from the East rich perfumes bring
 To cloude the Altars with thy precious smoake.
 Nor while I did frequent
 Those fanes by lovers rais'd to thee:
 Did I loose heathenish rites invent,
 To force a blush from injur'd Chastitie.

Religious was the charme
 I used affection to intice:
 And thought none burnt more bright or warme,
 Yet chaste as winter was the Sacrifice.

But now I thee bequeath
 To the soft filken youths at Court:
 Who may their witty passions breath,
 To raise their Mistresse smile, or make her sport.

They'le smoothe thee into rime,
Such as shall catch the wanton eare:
And win opinion with the time,
To make them a high fayle of honour beare.

And may a powerfull smile
Cherish their flatteries of wit!
While I my life of fame beguile
And under my owne vine uncourted sit.

For I have seene the Pine
Famed for its travels ore the Sea:
Broken with stormes and age decline,
And in some creeke unpittied rot away.

I have seene Cædars fall,
And in their roome a Mushrome grow:
I have seene Comets, threatning all,
Vanish themselves: I have seene Princes fo.

Vaine triviall dust! weake man!
Where is that vertue of thy breath,
That others save or ruine can,
When thou thy selfe art cal'd t'account by death?

When I consider thee
The scorne of Time, and sport of fate:
How can I turne to jollitie
My ill-strung Harpe, and court the delicate?

How can I but disdaine
The emptie fallacies of mirth;
And in my midnight thoughts retaine,
How high so ere I spread, my root's in earth?

Fond youth! too long I playd
The wanton with a false delight.
Which when I toucht, I found a shade
That onely wrought on th' error of my sight.

Then since pride doth betray
The foule to flatter'd ignorance:
I from the World will steale away
And by humility my thoughts advance.

Perdam Sapientiam Sapientum

To the Right Honorable the Lord *Windfor*.

My Lord,



Orgive my envie to the World ; while I
Commend those sober thoughts, perswade you fly
The glorious troubles of the Court. For though
The vales lyes open to each overflow,
And in the humble shade we gather ill
And aguish ayres : yet lightnings oftner kill
Oth' naked heights of mountaines, whereon we
May have more prospect, not securitie.
For when with losse of breath, we have orecome
Some steepe ascent of power, and forc'd a roome
On the so envi'd hill ; how doe our hearts
Pant with the labour, and how many arts
More subtle must we practise, to defend
Our pride from sliding, then we did t' ascend ?
How doth successe delude the mysteries
And all th' involv'd designements of the wise ?
How doth that Power, our Politickes call chance,
Racke them till they confesse the ignorance
Of humane wit ? Which, when 'tis fortified
So strong with reason that it doth deride
All adverse force oth' sudden findes its head
Intangled in a spiders slender thread.
Cœlestiall Providence ! How thou dost mocke
The boast of earthly wisdom ? On some rocke
When man hath a structure, with such art,
It doth disdain to tremble at the dart
Of thunder, or to shrinke oppos'd by all
The angry winds, it of it selfe doth fall,
Ev'n in a calme so gentle that no ayre
Breaths loude enough to stirre a Virgins haire !
But misery of judgement : Though past time
Instruēt us by th' ill fortune of their crimes,
And shew us how we may secure our state
From pittied ruine, by anothers fate ;
Yet we contemning all such sad advice,

Pursue to build though on a precipice.

But you (my Lord) prevented by foresight
To engage your selfe to such an unsafe height,
And in your selfe both great and rich enough
Refused t'expose your vessell to the rough
Uncertaine sea of businesse: whence even they
Who make the best returne, are forc't to say:
The wealth we by our worldly traffique gaine,
Weighes light if ballanc'd with the feare or paine.

Paucitatem dierum meorum nuncia mihi. DAVID.

Tell me O great All knowing God!
What period
Hast thou unto my dayes assign'd?
Like some old leaselesse tree, shall I
Wither away: or violently
Fall by the axe, by lightning, or the Wind?

Heere, where I first drew vitall breath
Shall I meete death?
And finde in the same vault a roome
Where my fore-fathers ashes sleepe?
Or shall I dye, where none shall weepe
My timelesse fate, and my cold earth intombe?

Shall I 'gainst the swift *Parthians* fight
And in their flight

Receive my death? Or shall I see
That envied peace, in which we are
Triumphant yet, disturb'd by warre;
And perish by th' invadingemie?

Astrologers, who calculate
Uncertaine fate

Affirme my scheme doth not presage
Any abridgement of my dayes:
And the Phisitian gravely sayes,
I may enjoy a reverent length of age.

But they are jugglers, and by slight
Of art the sight
Of faith delude: and in their schoole

They onely practise how to make
 A mistery of each mistake,
 And teach strange words, credulity to foole.
 For thou who first didst motion give,
 Whereby things live
 And Time hath being! to concale
 Future events didst thinke it fit
 To checke th' ambition of our wit,
 And keepe in awe the curious search of zeale.
 Therefore so I prepar'd still be,
 My God for thee :
 Oth' fudden on my spirits may
 Some killing Apoplexie seize,
 Or let me by a dull disease
 Or weakened by a feeble age decay.
 And so I in thy favour dye,
 No memorie
 For me a well-wrought tombe prepare,
 For if my soule be 'mong the blest
 Though my poore ashes want a chest,
 I shall forgive the trespasse of my heire.

Non nobis Domine. D A V I D.



O marble statue, nor high
 Aspiring Piramida be rays'd
 To lose its head within the skie!
 What claime have I to memory?
 God be thou onely prais'd!

Thou in a moment canst defeat
 The mighty conquests of the proude,
 And blast the laurels of the great.
 Thou canst make brightest glorie set
 Oth' fudden in a cloude.

How can the feeble workes of Art
 Hold out 'gainst the assault of stormes?
 Or how can brasie to him impart
Sence of surviving fame, whose heart
 Is now resolv'd to wormes?

Blinde folly of triumphing pride!
 Æternitie why buildst thou here?
 Dost thou not see the highest tide
 Its humbled streame in th' Ocean hide,
 And nere the same appeare?

That tide which did its banckes ore-flow,
 As sent abroad by the angry sea
 To leuell vastest buildings low,
 And all our Trophies overthrow;
 Ebbes like a theefe away.

And thou who to preserve thy name
 Leav'st statues in some conquer'd land!
 How will posterity scorne fame,
 When th' Idoll shall receive a maim,
 And loose a foote or hand?

How wilt thou hate thy warres, when he
 Who onely for his hire did raise
 Thy counterfet in stone; with thee
 Shall stand Competitor: and be
 Perhaps thought worthier praise?

No Laurell wreath about my brow!
 To thee, my God, all praise, whose law
 The conquer'd doth and conqueror bow!
 For both dissolve to ayre, if thou
 Thy influence but withdraw.

Solum mihi superest sepulchrum. I O B.



Elcome thou safe retreat!
 Where th' injured man may fortifie
 'Gainst the invasions of the great:
 Where the leane slave, who th' Oare doth plye,
 Soft as his Admirall may lye.

Great Statist! tis your doome
 Though your designs swell high, and wide
 To be contracted in a tombe!
 And all your happie cares provide
But for your heire authorized pride.

Nor shall your shade delight
 Ith' pompe of your proud obsequies.
 And should the present flatterie write
 A glorious Epitaph, the wise
 Will say, The Poets wit here lyes.

How reconcil'd to fate
 Will grow the aged Villager,
 When he shall see your funerall state?
 Since death will him as warme inter
 As you in your gay sepulcher.

The great decree of God
 Makes every path of mortals lead
 To this darke common period.
 For what by wayes so ere we tread,
 We end our journey 'mong the dead.

Even I, while humble zeale
 Makes fancie a sad truth indite,
 Insensible a way doe steale :
 And when I'me lost in deaths cold night,
 Who will remember, now I write ?

Et fugit velut umbra. I O B.

To the Right Honourable the Lord *Kintyre*.

My Lord

THat shadow your faire body made
 So full of sport it still the mimick playde
 Ev'n as you mov'd and look'd but yesterday
 So huge in stature ; Night hath stolen away.
 And this is th' emblem of our life : To please
 And flatter which, we sayle ore broken seas
 Vnfaithfull in their rockes and tides ; we dare
 All the sicke humors of a forraine ayre.
 And mine so deepe in earth, as we would trie
 To unlocke hell, should gold there hoarded lie.
 But when we have built up a ædifice
 T' outwastle Time, we have but built on ice :
For firme however all our structures be.
Polisht with smootheft Indian Ivory,

Rais'd high on marble, our unthankfull heire
 Will scarce retaine in memory, that we were.
 Tracke through the ayre the footesteps of the wind,
 And search the print of ships sayl'd by; then finde
 Where all the glories of those Monarchs be
 Who bore such sway in the worlds infancie.
 Time hath devour'd them all: and scarce can fame
 Give an account, that ere they had a name.
 How can he then who doth the world controle
 And strikes a terror now in either Pole,
 Th' insulting Turke secure himself that he
 Shall not be lost to dull Posterity?
 And though the Superstition of those Times
 Which deified Kings to warrant their owne crimes
 Translated Cæsar to a starre; yet they,
 Who every Region of the skie Survey;
 In their Cœlestiall travaile, that bright coast
 Could nere discover which contains his ghost.
 And after death to make that awe survive
 Which subjects owe their Princes yet alive,
 Though they build pallaces of brasfe and jet
 And keepé them living in a counterfet;
 The curious looker on soone passés by
 And findes the tombe a sickenefse to his eye.
 Neither when once the soule is gone doth all
 The solemne triumph of the funerall
 Adde to her glory or her paine release:
 Then all the pride of warre, and wealth of peace
 For which we toild, from us abstracted be
 And onely serve to swell the history.

These are sad thoughts (my Lord) and such as fright
 The easie soule made tender with delight,
 Who thinks that he hath forgotte that houre
 Which addes not to his pleasure or his powre.
 But by the friendship which your Lordship daignes
 Your Servant, I have found your judgement raignes
 Above all passion in you: and that fence
 Could never yet demolish that strong fence
 Which Vertue guards you with: By which you are
 Triumphant in the best, the inward warre.

Nex nostri indicat Scientiam. D A V I D.

Hen I furway the bright
 Cœlestiall spheare :
 So rich with jewels hung, that night
 Doth like an Æthiop bride appeare.

My soule her wings doth spread
 And heaven-ward flies,
 Th' Almighty's Mysteries to read
 In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
 Shootes forth no flame
 So silent, but is eloquent
 In speaking the Creators name.

No unregarded star
 Contracts its light
 Into so small a Character,
 Remov'd far from our humane sight :

But if we stedfast looke,
 We shall discern
 In it as in some holy booke,
 How man may heavenly knowledge learne.

It tells the Conqueror,
 That farre-stretcht powre
 Which his proud dangers traffique for,
 Is but the triumph of an houre.

That from the farthest North ;
 Some Nation may
 Yet undiscovered issue forth,
 And ore his new got conquest sway.

Some Nation yet shut in
 With hills of ice
 May be let out to scourge his sinne
 'Till they shall equall him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
 Their ruine have,
For as your selves your Empires fall,
And every Kingdome hath a grave.

Thus those Cœlestiall fires,
 Though seeming mute
 The fallacie of our desires
 And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watcht since first
 The World had birth :
 And found sinne in it selfe accurst,
 And nothing permanent on earth.

Et alta a longè cognoscit. D A V I D.

TO the cold humble hermitage
 (Not tenanted but by discoloured age,
 Or youth enfeebled by long prayer
 And tame with fasts) th' Almighty doth repaire.
 But from the lofty gilded rooſe
 Stain'd with ſome Pagan fiction, keepes a looſe.
 Nor the gay Landlord daignes to know
 Whoſe buildings are like Monſters but for ſhow.
 Ambition ! whither wilt thee climbe,
 Knowing thy art, the mockery of time ?
 Which by examples tells the high
 Rich ſtructures, they muſt as their owners dye
 And while they ſtand, their tennants are
 Detraction, flattery, wantonneſſe, and care,
 Pride, envie, arrogance, and doubt,
 Surfet, and eaſe ſtill tortured by the gout.
 O rather may I patient dwell
 In th' injuries of an ill-cover'd cell !
 'Gainſt whoſe too weake defence the haile,
 The angry winds, and frequent ſhowres prevaile.
 Where the ſwift meaſures of the day,
 Shall be diſtinguiſht onely as I pray :
 And ſome ſtarres ſolitary light
 Be the ſole taper to the tedious night.
 The neighbo'ring fountaine (not accurſt
 Like wine with madneſſe) ſhall allay my thirſt :
 And the wilde fruites of Nature give
 Dyet enough, to let me feele I feele, I live.
 You wantons ! who impoveriſh Seas,

And th' ayre dispeople, your proud taste to please!

A greedy tyrant you obey

Who varies still its tribute with the day.

What interest doth all the vaine

Cunning of surfet to your fences gaine?

Since it obscure the Spirit must

And bow the flesh to sleep disease or lust.

While who forgetting rest and fare;

Watcheth the fall and rising of each starre,

Ponders how bright the orbes doe move,

And thence how much more bright the heav'ns above

Where on the heads of Cherubins

Th' Almightye sits disdaining our bold finnes:

Who while on th' earth we groveling lye

Dare in our pride of building tempt the skie.

*Univerſum ſ[er]vatum ejus verſaſti in infirmitate
ejus. D A V I D.*



Y Soule! When thou and I

Shall on our frighted death-bed lye;

Each moment watching when pale death

Shall snatch away our latest breath,

And 'twene two long joyn'd Lovers force

An endlesse sad divorce:

How wilt thou then? that art

My rationall and nobler part,

Distort thy thoughts? How wilt thou try

To draw from weake Philosophie

Some strength: and flatter thy poor state,

'Cause tis the common fate?

How wilt thy spirits pant

And tremble when they feele the want

Of th' usuall organs; and that all

The vitall powers begin to fall?

When 'tis decreed, that thou must goe,

Yet whither; who can know?

How fond and idle then

Will seeme the misteries of men?

How like some dull ill-acted part
 The subtlest of proud humane art?
 How shallow ev'n the deepest sea,
 When thus we ebbe away?

But how shall I (that is
 My fainting earth) looke pale at this?
 Disjointed on the racke of paine.
 How shall I murmur, how complaine;
 And craving all the ayde of skill,
 Finde none, but what must kill?

Which way so ere my grieve
 Doth throw my sight to court releefe,
 I shall but meete despaire; for all
 Will prophesie my funerall:
 The very silence of the roome
 Will represent a tombe.

And while my Childrens teares,
 My Wives vaine hopes, but certaine feares,
 And counsell of Divines advance
 Death in each dolefull circumstance:
 I shall even a sad mourner be
 At my owne obsequie.

For by examples I
 Must know that others sorrowes dye
 Soone as our selves, and none survive
 To keepe our memories alive.
 Even our fals tombes, as loath to say
 We once had life, decay.

Laudate Dominum de cœlis. DAVID.



Ou Spirits! who have throwne away
 That envious weight of clay
 Which your cœlestiall flight denied:
 Who by your glorious troopes supply
 The winged Hierarchie,
 So broken in the Angells pride!

O you ! whom your Creators sight
 Inebriates with delight !
 Sing forth the triumphs of his name
 All you enamord foules ! agree
 In a loud symphonie :
 To give expreffions to your flame !

To him, his owne great workes relate,
 Who daign'd to elevate
 You 'bove the frailtie of your birth :
 Where you stand fafe from that rude warre,
 With which we troubled are
 By the rebellion of our earth.

While a corrupted ayre beneath
 Here in this World we breath
 Each houre fome paffion us affailes :
 Now luft cafts wild-fire in the blood,
 Or that it may feeme good,
 It felfe in wit or beauty vailles.

Then envie circles us with hate,
 And lays a fiege fo ftreight,
 No heavenly fuccor enters in :
 But if Revenge admittance finde,
 For ever hath the mind
 Made forfeit of it felfe to finne.


Affaaulted thus, how dare we raife
 Our mindes to thinke his praife,
 Who is Æternall and immens ?
 How dare we force our feeble wit
 To fpeake him infinite,
 So farre above the fearch of fence ?

O you ! who are immaculate
 His name may celebrate
 In your foules bright expansion.
 You whom your vertues did unite
 To his perpetuall light,
 That even with him you now shine one.

While we who t' earth contract our hearts,
 And onely studie Arts
 To shorten the sad length of Time :
 In place of joyes bring humble feares :
 For hymnes, repentant teares
 And a new sigh for every crime.

Qui quasi flos egreditur.

To the Right Honourable, the Lady *Cat. T.*

 Aire Madame ! You
 May see what's man in yond' bright rose.
 Though it the wealth of Nature owes,
 It is oppress'd, and bends with dew.

Which shewes, though fate
 May promise still to warme our lippes,
 And keepe our eyes from an ecllips ;
 It will our pride with teares abate.

Poor silly flowre !
 Though in thy beauty thou presume,
 And breath which doth the spring perfume ;
 Thou may'st be cropt this very houre.

And though it may
 Then thy good fortune be, to rest
 Oth' pillow of some Ladies brest ;
 Thou'lt whither, and be throwne away.

For 'tis thy doome
 However, that there shall appeare
 No memory that thou grew'st heere,
 Ere the tempestuous winter come.

But flesh is loath
 By meditation to fore see
 How loath'd a nothing it must be:
 Proud in the triumphes of its growth.

And tamely can
Behold this mighty world decay
And weare by th' age of time away :
Yet not discourfe the fall of man.

But Madam thefe
Are thoughts to cure ficke humane pride.
And med'cines are in vaine applyed.
To bodies far 'bove all difeafe.

For you fo live
As th' Angels in one perfect ftate ;
Safe from the ruines of our fate,
By vertues great prefervative.

And though we fee
Beautie enough to warme each heart ;
Yet you by a chafte Chemicke Art,
Calcine fraile love to pietie.

Quid gloriaris in malicia ? DAVID.



Well no more proud man, fo high !
For enthron'd where ere you fit
Rais'd by fortune, finne and wit :
In a vault thou duft muft lye.
He who's lifted up by vice
Hath a neighb'ring precipice
Dazeling his diftorted eye.

Shallow is that unfafe fea
Over which you fspread your faile :
And the Barke you trust to, fraile
As the Winds it muft obey.
Mifchiefe, while it profpers, brings
Favour from the fmile of Kings ;
Vfelefse foone is throwne away.

Profit, though finne it extort,
Princes even accounted good,
Courting greatneffe nere withftood,

Since it Empire doth support.
 But when death makes them repent
 They condemne the instrument,
 And are thought Religious for 't.

Pitch'd downe from that height you beare,
 How distracted will you lye ;
 When your flattering Clients flye
 As your fate infectious were ?
 When of all th' obsequious throng
 That mov'd by your eye and tongue,
 None shall in the storme appeare ?

When that abject infolence
 (Which submits to the more great,
 And disdaines the weaker state,
 As misfortune were offence)
 Shall at Court be judged a crime
 Though in practise, and the Time
 Purchase wit at your expence.

Each small tempest shakes the proud ;
 Whose large branches vainely sprout
 'Bove the measure of the roote.
 But let stormes speake nere so loud,
 And th' astonisht day benight ;
 Yet the just shines in a light
 Faire as noone without a cloud.

Deus Deus Meus. DAVID.



Here is that foole Philosophie,
 That bedlam Reason, and that beast dull fence ;
 Great God ! when I consider thee
 Omnipotent, Æternall, and imens ?
 Vnmov'd thou didst behold the pride
 Of th' Angels, when they to defection fell ?
 And without passion didst provide
 To punish treason, rackes and death in hell.
 Thy Word created this great All,

Ith' lower part whereof we wage such warres :
 The upper bright and sphæricall
 By purer bodies tenanted, the starres.
 And though fixe dayes it thee did please
 To build this frame, the seventh for rest assigne ;
 Yet was it not thy paine or ease,
 But to teach man the quantities of Time.
 This world so mighty and so faire,
 So 'bove the reach of all dimension :
 If to thee God we should compare,
 Is not the slenderst atome to the Sun.
 What then am I poore nothing man !
 That elevate my voyce and speake of thee ?
 Since no imagination can
 Distinguish part of thy immensitie ?
 What am I who dare call thee God !
 And raise my fancie to discourse thy power ?
 To whom dust is the period,
 Who am not fure to farme this very houre ?
 For how know I the latest stand
 In my fraile glasse of life, doth not now fall ?
 And while I thus astonisht stand
 I but prepare for my own funerall ?
 Death doth with man no order keepe :
 It reckons not by the expence of yeares.
 But makes the Queene and beggar weepe,
 And nere distinguishes betweene their teares.
 He who the victorie doth gaine
 Falls as he him pursues, who from him flyes,
 And is by too good fortune slaine.
 The Lover in his amorous courtship dyes.
 The states-man suddenly expires
 While he for others ruine doth prepare :
 And the gay Lady while sh' admires
 Her pride, and curles in wanton nets her haire.
 No state of man is fortified
 'Gainst the assault of th' universall doome :
 But who th' Almighty feare, deride
Pale death, and meete with triumph in the tombe.

Quonian ego in flagella paratus sum. DAVID.

Rix me on some bleake precipice,
Where I ten thousand yeares may stand :
Made now a statute of ice,
Then by the summer scorcht and tan'd !

Place me alone in some fraile boate
'Mid th' horrors of an angry Sea :
Where I while time shall move, may floate
Despairing either land or day !

Or under earth my youth confine
To th' night and silence of a cell :
Where Scorpions may my limbes entwine.
O God ! So thou forgive me hell.

Æternitie ! when I think thee,
(Which never any end must have,
Nor knew'st beginning) and fore-see
Hell is design'd for sinne a grave.

My frighted flesh trembles to dust,
My blood ebbes fearefully away :
Both guilty that they did to lust.
And vanity, my youth betray.

My eyes, which from each beautilous sight
Drew Spider-like blacke venome in :
Close like the marigold at night
Opprest with dew to bath my sin.

My eares shut up that easie dore
Which did proud fallacies admit :
And vow to heare no follies more ;
Deafe to the charmes of sinne and wit.

My hands (which when they toucht some faire
Imagin'd such an excellence,
As th' Ermines skin ungentle were)
Contract themselves, and loose all fence.

But you bold sinners ! still pursue
Your valiant wickednesse, and brave
Th' Almighty Iustice: hee'le subdue
And make you cowards in the grave.

Then when he as your judge appeares,
In vaine you'le tremble and lament.
And hope to soften him with teares,
To no advantage penitent.

Then will you scorne those treasures, which
So fiercely now you doate upon :
Then curse those pleasures did bewitch
You to this sad illusion.

The neighb'ring mountaines which you shall
Wooe to oppresse you with their weight :
Disdainfull will deny to fall,
By a sad death to ease your fate.

In vaine some midnight storme at sea
To swallow you, you will desire :
In vaine upon the wheels you'le pray
Broken with torments to expire.

Death, at the sight of which you start,
In a mad fury then you'le Court :
Yet hate th' expressions of your heart,
Which onely shall be sigh'd for sport.

No sorrow then shall enter in
With pittie the great judges eares.
This moment's ours. Once dead, his sin
Man cannot expiate with teares.

Militia est vita hominis.

To Sir Hen. Per.

Sir



Ere it your appetite of glory, (which
In noblest times, did bravest soules bewitch
To fall in love with danger,) that now drawes
You to the fate of warre ; it claimes applause :

And every worthy hand would plucke a bough
 From the best spreading bay, to shade your brow.
 Since you unforc'd part from your Ladies bed
 Warne with the purest love, to lay your head
 Perhaps on some rude turfe, and sadly feele
 The nights cold dampes wrapt in a sheete of Steele.
 You leave your well grown woods ; and meadows which
 Our *Severne* doth with fruitfull streames enrich.
 Your woods where we see such large herds of Deere
 Your meades whereon such goodly flockes appeare.
 You leave your Castle, safe both for defence
 And sweetely wanton with magnificence
 With all the cost and cunning beautified
 That addes to state, where nothing wants but pride.
 These charmes might have bin pow'rful to have staid
 Great mindes resolv'd for action, and betraid
 You to a glorious ease : since to the warre
 Men by desire of prey invited are,
 Whom either sinne or want makes desperate,
 Or else disdaine of their owne narrow fate.
 But you, nor hope of fame or a release
 Of the most sober goverment in peace,
 Did to the hazard of the armie bring
 Onely a pure devotion to the King
 In whose just cause whoever fights, must be
 Triumphant : since even death is victory.
 And what is life, that we to wither it
 To a weake wrinckled age, should torture wit
 To finde out Natures secrets ; what doth length
 Of time deserve, if we want heate and strength ?
 When a brave quarrell doth to arms provoke
 Why should we feare to venter this thin smoke
 This emptie shadow, life ? this which the wise
 As the fooles Idoll, soberly despise ?
 Why should we not throw willingly away
 A game we cannot save, now that we may
 Gaine honour by the gift ? since haply when
 We onely shall be statue of men
 And our owne monuments, Peace will deny

Our wretched age so brave a cause to dye.
 But these are thoughts! And action tis doth give
 A soule to courage, and make vertue live:
 Which doth not dwell upon the valiant tongue
 Of bold Philosophie, but in the strong
 Vndaunted spirit, which encounters those
 Sad dangers, we to fancie scarce propose.
 Yet tis the true and highest fortitude
 To keepe our inward enemies subdued:
 Not to permit our passions over sway
 Our actions, not our wanton flesh betray
 The soules chaste Empire: for however we
 To th' outward shew may gaine a victory
 And proudly triumph: if to conquour sinne
 We combate not, we are at warre within.

Vias tuas Domine demonstra mihi.



Here have I wandred? In what way
 Horrid as night
 Increast by stormes did I delight?
 Though my sad soule did often say
 Twas death and madnesse so to stray.

On that false ground I joy'd to tread
 Which seemed most faire,
 Though every path had a new snare,
 And every turning still did lead,
 To the darke Region of the dead.

But with the surfet of delight
 I am so tyred
 That now I loath what I admired,
 And my distasted appetite
 So 'bhors the meate, it hates the fight.

For should we naked sinne discry
 Not beautified
 By th' ayde of wantonnesse and pride
 Like some mishapen birth, 'twould lye
 A torment to th' affrighted eye.

But cloath'd in beauty and respect
 Even ore the wife,
 How powerfull doth it tyrannize !
 Whose monstrous storme should they detract
 They famine sooner would affect.

And since those shadowes which oppresse
 My sight begin
 To cleere, and shew the shape of sinne,
 A Scorpion sooner be my guest,
 And warme his enome in my brest.

May I before I growe so vile
 By sinne agen,
 Be throwne off as a scorne to men !
 May th' angry world decree, t' exile
 Me to some yet unpeopled Isle.

Where while I straggle, and in vaine
 Labor to finde
 Some creature that shall have a minde,
 What justice have I to complaine
 If I thy inward grace retaine ?

My God if thou shalt not exclude
 Thy comfort thence :
 What place can seeme to troubled fence
 So melancholly darke and rude,
 To be esteem'd a folitude.

Cast me upon some naked shore
 Where I may tracke
 Onely the print of some sad wracke ;
 If thou be there, though the seas rore,
 I shall no gentler calme implore.

Should the *Cymmerians*, whom no ray
 Doth ere enlight
 But gaine thy grace, th' have lost their night :
 Not sinners at high noone, but they
 'Mong their blind cloudes have found the day.

Et Exultavit Humiles.

Now cheerefully th' unpartiall Sunne
 Gilds with his beames
 The narrow streames
 Oth' Brooke which silently doth runne
 Without a name?
 And yet difdaines to lend his flame
 To the wide channell of the Thames?

 The largeſt mountaines barren lye
 And lightning feare,
 Though they appeare
 To bid defiance to the ſkie;
 Which in one houre
 W' have ſeene the opening earth devoure
 When in their height they proudeſt were.

 But th' humble man heaves up his head
 Like ſome rich vale
 Whoſe fruites nere faile
 With flowres, with corne, and vines ore-ſpread.
 Nor doth complaine
 Oreflowed by an ill ſeaſon'd raine
 Or batter'd by a ſtorme of haile.

 Like a tall Barke with treaſure fraught
 He the ſeas cleere
 Doth quiet ſleere:
 But when they are t' a tempeſt wrought;
 More gallantly
 He ſpreads his faile, and doth more high
 By ſwelling of the waves, appeare.

 For the Almighty joyes to force
 The glorious tide
 Of humane pride
 To th' loweſt ebbe; that ore his courſe
 (Which rudely bore

Downe what oppos'd it heretofore)
His feeblest enimie may stride.

But from his ill-thatcht roofe he brings
The Cottager
And doth preferre
Him to th' adored state of Kings :
He bids that hand
Which labour hath made rough and tand
The all commanding Scepter beare.

Let then the mighty cease to boast
Their boundlesse sway :
Since in their Sea
Few sayle, but by some storme are lost.
Let them themselves
Beware, for they are their owne shelves.
Man still himfelfe hath cast away.

Dominus Dominantium.

SVpreame Divinitie ! Who yet
Coulde ever finde
By the bold scrutinie of wit,
The treasure where thou lock'ft up the wind ?


What Majesty of Princes can
A tempest awe ;
When the distracted Ocean
Swells to Sedition, and obeyes no Law ?

How wretched doth the Tyrant stand
Without a boast ?
When his rich fleete even touching land
He by some storme in his owne Port sees lost ?

Vaine pompe of life ! what narrow bound
Ambition
Is circled with ? How false a ground
Hath humane pride to build its triumphs on.

And Nature how dost thou delude
 Our search to know?
 When the same windes which here intrude
 On us with frosts and onely winter blow:
 Breath temprate on th' adjoyning earth;
 And gently bring
 To the glad field a fruitfull birth
 With all the treasures of a wanton Spring.
 How diversly death doth assaile;
 How sporting kill?
 While one is scorcht up in the vale
 The other is congeald oth' neighboring hill.
 While he with heates doth dying glow
 Above he sees
 The other hedg'd in with his snow
 And envies him his ice although he freeze.
 Proud folly of pretending Art,
 Be ever dumbe,
 And humble thy aspiring heart,
 When thou findest glorious Reason overcome.
 And you Astrologers, whose eye
 Surveys the starres!
 And offer thence to prophesie
 Successe in peace, and the event of warres.
 Throw downe your eyes upon that dust
 You proudly tread!
 And know to that resolve you must!
 That is the scheme where all their fate may read.

Cogitabo pro peccato meo.


 N what darke silent grove
 Profan'd by no unholy love.
 Where witty melancholy nere
 Did carve the trees or wound the ayre,
 Shall I religious leasure winne
 To weepe away my sinne?

How fondly have I spent
 My youthes unvalued treasure, lent
 To traffique for Cœlestiall joyes?
 My unripe yeares pursuing toyes;
 Judging things best that were most gay
 Fled unobserv'd away.

Growne elder I admired
 Our Poets as from heaven inspired
 VVhat Obeliskes decreed I fit
 For *Spencers* Art, and *Sydneys* wit?
 But waxing sober soone I found
 Fame but an Idle sound.

Then I my blood obey'd
 And each bright face an Idoll made:
 Verfe in an humble Sacrifice,
 I offer'd to my Mistresse eyes,
 But I no sooner grace did win
 But met the devill within.

But growne more politticke
 I tooke account of each state trick:
 Observ'd each motion, judg'd him wise,
 VVho had a conscience fit to rise.
 VVhome soone I found but forme and rule
 And the more serious foole.

But now my foule prepare
 To ponder what and where we are
 How fraile is life, how vaine a breath
 Opinion, how uncertaine death:
 How onely a poore stone shall beare
 VVitnesse that once we were.

How a shrill Trumpet shall
 Vs to the barre as traytors call.
 Then shall we see too late that pride
 Hath hope with flattery bely'd
 And that the mighty in command
 Pale Cowards there must stand.

Recogitabo tibi omnes annos meos. I SAY.

Time! where didst thou those years inter
 VVhich I have seene decease?
 My foules at war and truth bids her
 Finde out their hidden Sepulcher,
 To give her troubles peace.

Pregnant with flowers doth not the Spring
 Like a late bride appeare?
 VVhose fether'd Musicke onely bring
 Caresses, and no Requiem sing
 On the departed yeare?

The Earth, like some rich wanton heire,
 VVhose Parents coffin'd lye,
 Forgets it once lookt pale and bare
 And doth for vanities prepare,
 As the Spring nere should dye.

The present houre, flattered by all
 Reflects not on the last;
 But I, like a sad factor shall
 T' account my life each moment call,
 And onely weepe the past.

My mem'ry trackes each severall way
 Since Reason did begin
 Over my actions her first sway:
 And teacheth me that each new day
 Did onely vary fin.

Poor bankrout Conscience! where are those
 Rich houres but farm'd to thee?
 How carelessly I some did lose,
 And other to my lust dispose
 As no rent day should be?

I have infected with impure
 Diforders my past yeares.
 But Ile to penitence inure
 Those that succeed. There is no cure
 Nor Antidote but teares.

Cupio dissolvi. PAVLE.

HHe foule which doth with God unite,
 Those gayities how doth she flight
 Which ore opinion sway?
 Like sacred Virgin wax, which shines
 On Altars or on Martyrs shrines
 How doth she burne away?

How violent are her throwes till she
 From envious earth delivered be,
 Which doth her flight restraine?
 How doth she doate on whips and rackes,
 On fires and the so dreaded Axe,
 And every murd'ring paine?

How soone she leaves the pride of wealth,
 The flatteries of youth and health
 And fames more precious breath.
 And every gaudy circumstance
 That doth the pompe of life advance
 At the approach of death?

The cunning of Astrologers
 Observes each motion of the starres
 Placing all knowledge there:
 And Lovers in their Mistresse eyes
 Contract those wonders of the skies,
 And seeke no higher sphere.

The wandering Pilot sweates to find
 The causes that produce the wind
 Still gazing on the Pole.
 The Politician scornes all Art
 But what doth pride and power impart.
 And swells the ambitious foule.

But he whom heavenly fire doth warme,
 And 'gainst these powerful follies arme,
 Doth soberly disdain
 All these fond humane misteries
 As the deceitfull and unwise
 Distempers of our braine.

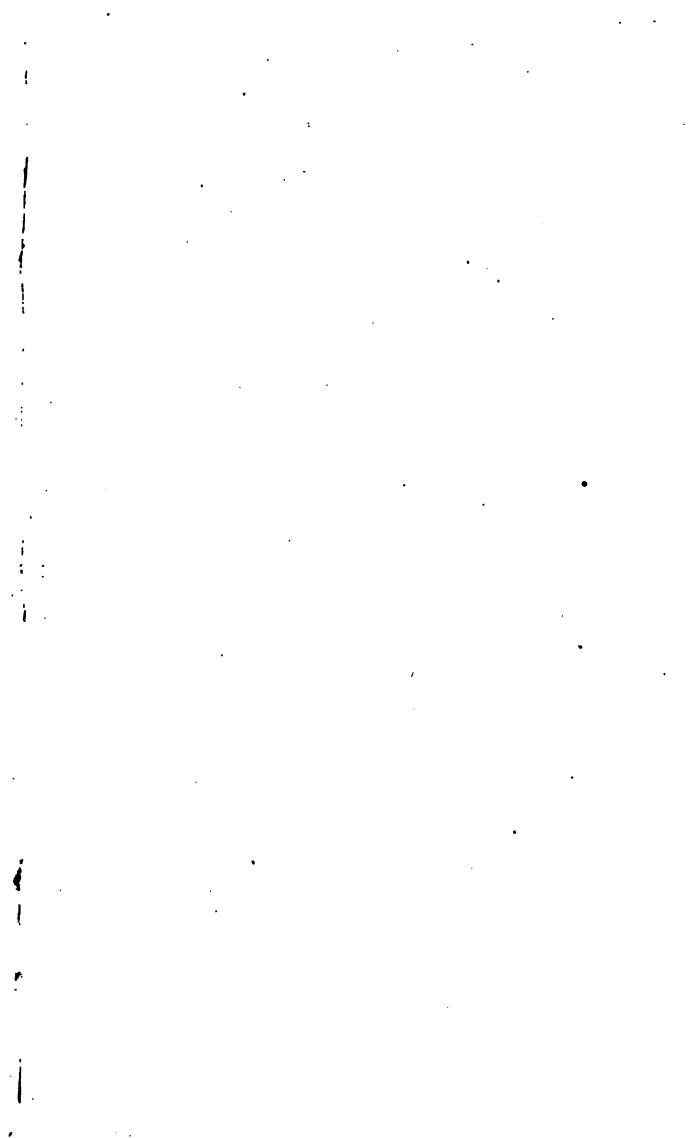
He as a burden beares his clay,
 Yet vainely throwes it not away
 On every idle cause:
 But with the same untroubled eye
 Can resolve to live or dye,
 Regardlesse of th' applause.

My God! If 'tis thy great decree
 That this must be the last moment be
 Wherein I breath this ayre;
 My heart obeyes joy'd to retreat
 From the false favours of the great
 And treachery of the faire.

When thou shalt please this soule t' enthrone,
 Above impure corruption;
 What shall I grieve or feare.
 To thinke this breathlesse body must
 Become a loathsome heape of dust
 And nere againe appeare.

For in the fire when Ore is tryed,
 And by that torment purified:
 Doe we deplore the losse?
 And when thou shalt my soule refine,
 That it thereby may purer shine
 Shall I grieve for the drosse?

FINIS.



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